Accessions
149.517

Shelf No.
G.3967.21

Barton Library

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

Landgartha.

A Tragie-Comedy, as it was presented in the new Theater in *Dublin*, with good applause, being an Ancient story,

Written by H. B.

Henry Burnell.

HORAT.

Hunc socci cepere pedem, grandesq; cothurni.

Printed at *Dublin* Anno 1641.

The persons of the Play.

Frollo King of *Sweland* and conqueror of *Norway*.
Hasmond and *Gotar*, two courtiers to *Frollo*.
Landgartha, a *Norwegian* Lady.
Scania, sister to *Laudgartha*.
Elsinora Aunt to both.
Fatyma, cousin to *Land.* & *Scan.*
Marfisa, an humorous gentlewoman, cousin to *Fatyma*.
Fredericke and *Wermond*, two noble men of *Norway*.
Reyner King of *Denmarke*.
Valdemar, neer cousin to *Reyner*.
Inguar, a *Danish* noble man.
Hubba, an humorous merry *Danish* Captaine.
Cowsell and *Radgee*, two foolish Coxcombes.
Rolfo, a Drawer.
Harrold, a competitor for *Denmarke*.
Eric, his brother.
Lothaire, a *German* noble man.
Vraca, daughter to *Frollo*.
Two posts, a Scout, & two Gentl, Phœbus, Pallas, Pryam, Hector.
Achylles, and *Satyres*, in a maske: which may be Acted by the forenam'd persons.

14.5.78 May, 1873

THE EPISTLE Dedicatorie.

To all faire, indifferent faire, vertuous, that are not faire and magnanimous Ladies.

I Have here plac'd a patterne, yea, more then one (Ladies) for you to imitate. Chastity and other vertues joyn'd to beauty, vertue single and manly fortitude in the female Sexe, doe here present themselves unto you. What you cannot reach one way take another: & know that the form & faculties of the minde, doe farre excell in worth those of the body. Yet, both joyn'd (as in *Landgartha*) is of all the most excellent: in regard that that externall beauty allures (nay commands) the minde of man (that affects visible objects) to the love of vertue, which it selfe do's possesse, and suffers (as most coveted) greater combats in the resisting of vice. Bodily force too in a woman (were it but to defend it's owne Fort) is a perfection; though it cannot be expected but from a few of you, it will be sufficient, that you never fall willingly, but in the way of ho-

nour. If I have not draw'n this faire viſage, as a chiefe Arts man: I hope yet (you will ſay) that I have made it indifferent handſome, and that my good will to effect it after the beſt faſhion for your ſakes: will notwithſtanding my weakneſſe, purchaſe an excuſe at leaſt for my boldneſſe, both in undertaking the worke and in offering of it (in part a poore braine borne Infant of mine, that covets to looke at the light) to be cheriſh'd by ſuch hands as yours, to kneele at the feete of your pietie. Whatſoever it be, or whoſoever got it: let it be yours, as is

The affectionate honourer

of your perfections

Henry Burnell.

Patri suo Charissimo operis Encomium.

MVltiplici ratione, sator, mea carmina (quamvis
Non limata) tuis jungo; nempe ipse petisti,
Cui teneor parere libens; formosa virago
Huc me vestra movet, virtutis dotibus exors;
In fracte potius carnis quæ compede solvi
Certa fuit, fœdata foret quam crimine; cujus
Iactatis Pyrrhæ *decus immortale resurgit*
Nobilibus gestis; ad quod præcordia magna
Lætitia diffusa mihi, quando auribus hausi
Arrectis (genitor) te (per quem essentia, & à quo
Impetrata mihi, fruor & quibus, omnia) culte,
Consulto, graviter, cum suavitate, venuste,
Pragnantem causam peragisse. Sed indere amoris
Non probo delicias: quod te feciſſe sequutum
Historiæ normam; bellè, sciteq́, jocantem
Lætificando alios, non te, mens certa revolvit.

Aliud.

Melpomene tua tela (parens) contexta Thalia et,
judicio quamvis non trutinanda meo est:
Me tua sed certam solers facundia, verax
expertorum hominum & fama diurna facit,
Te nullis potuisse tuis errare, decorum
omnimodo scanis, sed tenuisse triplex;
Nempe modum retinendo (docent ut scripta sagacis
Flacci) personæ, temporis, atq́, loci.
Ad te à Iuvernis flexit victoria vatem,
partibus his cedunt Brutiginæq́, tibi.
Fama quidem tendet, quacunq́, auratus Apollo
se tua: tu vives dum vehet amnis aquas:
Tu pater Aonio deducens vertice musas;
gloria (non fallor) posteritatis eris.
Terra tuas certum est exhauriet extera laudes;
clarescet scriptis insula nostra tuis.

To his worthy to be much honoured Couſin Henry Burnell *Eſq. on this his Tragie-Comedy, &c.*

THough my prayſe cannot adde ought here: Yet, give
Me leave (Couſin) to rayſe my ſelfe, and live
Paſt time with thee; for, what thou writ'ſt is fine,
Pleaſant, profound, chaſte, morall, and divine;
Beyond the childiſh flaſhes of this age,
Affected non-ſence, and *Canarian* rage;
Or *Garagantuan* foppery. Not one word
That 's immateriall do'ſt thou affoord,
Vaine, or ſuperfluous. Thy phraſe is good;
Nay, ſtrong, and elegant, though underſtood
Not by light-headed ignorance that do's admire
Strange language only. Wave, vote, flames, and fire,
Tempeſts and whirlewinds, *Scorpions*, and *Hags*,
Are ſtuffe that take ſuch, though indeed but rags,
Baſe rags that they patch on, and thou do'ſt ſcorne;
Or any dialect that is much worne,
Though by the beſt; thy words thou mak'ſt to fit
(Not contrary) th' Conceptions of thy wit.
And, though thou *England* never ſaw'ſt: Yet, this
(Let others boaſt of their owne faculties,
Or being Sonne to *Iohnſon*) I dare ſay,
That thou art farre more like to *Ben*: then they
That lay clayme as heires to him, wrongfully:
For he ſurvives now only, but in thee
And his owne lines; the reſt degenerate.
Nay, I can more affirme (and truly) that
In ſome things thou do'ſt paſſe him: being more ſweet,
More modeſt, mylde, leſſe tedious; Thy owne feet
Goe thou on ſtoutly then: if thou proceed,
Him (though 't be much) in all points thou 'lt exceed.

Ad nobiliſsimum ingenioſiſsimum, diſſertiſsimumq; ſuum amicum Dominum *Henricum Burnellum* operis Elogium.

VEllera laturus ſignorum principis, anceps
Auſonides lecto milite cepit iter:
Mox longos tentare ſinus, votoq; potiri,
Æolios cives, Ioniumq; domans.
Maſcula, caſta, decens, ſuaviſq; (Henrice) virago
Sola tibi invicta pubis ad inſtar adeſt.
Ergo procelloſæ Niſeidis, atq; Charibdis
Securus turbæ, carbaſa pande Notis:
Pande palam cedro tua digna volumina, Mecî,
Multorumq; prius penſa bilance virûm.
Pande nihil mancum: nil non laudabile: nil, quod
Sympathicum non eſt, ſymmetriæq; tenor.
Currum Phœbus equis ſic, ſic robuſta Bootes
Septem concordi plauſtra Trione regit.
Magnes gnarorum: in rabiem Marpeſia cantes,
Quorum Cerberea toxica fauce ſluunt.
Carmine ſublimi morum icon, ſtilus honeſti,
Calcar virtuti es, criminibuſq; jugum.
Per g Minervali tutus munimine: fiet
Nobilior ſtudijs gens tua clara tuis.
Munera, vive, tibi fulvo mage grata metallo,
Æquora dum biberint proxima ſigna polo.

Philippus Patricius

Prologue delivered by an Amazon *with a Battle-Axe in her hand.*

THe beſt of Engliſh Poets for the Stage
(Such was the envie, niceneſſe, and the rage
Of pettiſh weakelings, and detracting fooles,
That could prayſe no man; and, i'th' muddie pooles
Of their owne vices, were o'rwhelm'd) was faine
An armed Prologue to produce, on paine
Of being tongue-ſtrucke. Therefore, marvell not
The preſent author (having not forgot
How in's firſt Play, he met with too much ſpite)
Sho'd ſend an armed *Amazon*, t' invite
(If it be poſſible) all minds to affect
What of himſelfe, he could not well expect
From his detractors: Or, to let thoſe know,
He cares not each of them prove ſtill a foe.
Yet, this his ſecond (as that firſt) he made
To pleaſe you, not for Money; to invade
Your wills for your owne profit. For, if his minde
He had ſought by it to content, you'd finde
Another method in't; and not a word
Of any mirth or love, wo'd he afford
To make you laugh or languiſh. All, rich ſtuffe
(Though not ſo pleaſing) he'd expoſe, to cuffe
(And generally too) the monſter vice;
Which he performes but gently, in this piece.
Yet, it's beleev'd 't will pleaſe the moſt and beſt,
In all the paſſages; and for the reſt,
Let 'em (if they will needs) in pudles ſwim:
For, he ſleights them more, then they can wrong him.

Land,

Landgartha.

The first Act.

Enter Fredericke and Wermond.

Fred.

IT's a noble, noble act!

Wer. And cannot
But vex the bloudy usurper, let him put
Ever so good a face on't, though they were
But women only, that conspire against him.

Fred. It stirs him not: for since his conquest made
On us, and murdring of our lawfull Prince,
Things have succeeded so to all his wishes,
That he's grow'n careless: nay blindly besotted
By security, and selfe-perswasion,
Lock'd by the tempest of his lust; so as
He feares no force of man; much lesse weake women,
As he is pleasd to tearme 'em; he minds nothing
But whom to kill, or foulely ravish: and
The conversation of his Bawds, and Spintries.

Wer. Is't possible, he sho'd be so secure,
And passe away in such a dying slumber?

Fred. He thinkes the gods doe slumber too, or winke

At what he do's, or rather ſnore ſupinely;
Or that there are no gods, and what's ſpoke of 'em
Is but a meere fooliſh fable; He 'll beleeve
No mans intelligence, not his owne ſpyes,
That this fleet of Denmarke, now lanch'd forth, ſho'd move
Againſt him hither.
Wer. It's not all the power,
He for the preſent can command that will
Reſiſt it, if it doe; joyn'd to the valiant
Landgartha, with her faire lock'd troope of Ladies: *Muſicke of*
But, let's be ſilent; here the wretch himſelfe comes. *Recorders.*

Enter Frollo leading a weeping Lady, Haſmond and Gotar.

Fr. Come my pretty ſweet-heart, dry up thoſe pleaſing
Eyes; this liquor's too precious to be ſpilt
In ſuch a cauſe, for a loſt Maydenhead,
And to a King that will become thy ſlave for't;
And for more of that ſport: who to pleaſe thee
In that, and whatſoever elſe thou canſt conceive,
To rayſe content to thee, and varri'd to thought,
Will ranſacke Kingdomes.
Lady, Leave me yet blacke Devill, *Breakes*
Thy words ſound farre worſe than the voyce of Hell. *from him*
Fr. Some kicke the Spyder out at the Court gates;
An angry ſcratching Cat. We wo'd not be *Exeunt Fred. and*
So vex'd another night with ſuch a foole. *Wer. with the Lady.*
Got. She'll ſoone repent Sir, and turne backe, to offer
Her dainty body to your mylder uſage.
Haſm. I rather thinke, ſhe'll to the mad *Langartha*;
And there make one among her furious troope
Of Furies, that will yet endure no horſing,
Though they manage bravely.
Fr. There's a Wench indeed,
What lucke had I, never to lay my hands
On her? They ſay ſhe's very faire and handſome.
Haſm. The clappers of mens tongues proclayme that; and

Speake

Speake ſtrange things of her.
Fr. We ſhall finde'em (the beſt
Is of it) altogether, to make a royall
Choyce. We meane to ſingle forty at leaſt,
Of the moſt buxome (of which ſhe ſhall be
Chiefe generall, as now ſhe is) for our
Owne private pallat.
Haſm. I may hope (Sir) you'll grant
Me halfe the number, with her wiſe and modeſt
Aunt *Elſinora*, to precede: Or her fine
Valorous ſiſter *Scania*, for I muſt
Imitate your manly vertue, Sir, as neere
As I can.
Fr. Marke well what I ſay now: for thy
Good ſervice as my honeſt ſmocke Atturney
(Though ſometime, yet thou did'ſt begin to us, thou'lt ſay
For feare they'd beene diſeas'd:) thou ſhalt not have
One woman (wert thou e'er ſo willing) more
Or leſſe than thirty.
Haſm. O Prodigious! *Leeringly.*
I doe beſeech you, Sir, to heare me ſpeake,
Like ſo many Baſilisks (with angry ſhots
From their ſharpe venom'd eyes) they'd ſtrike me dead:
Or (as the Porcupyne) ſend fether'd arrowes
At me, for my ſlackneſſe.
Fr. You muſt have thirty,
Or none.
Haſm. Nay, If I muſt, I ſhall: and that's
As bad.
Got. You will not (Sir) be altogether *Solemnely.*
Unmindefull of my good endeavours.
Fr. By no meanes, good Sir, thou ſhalt poſſeſſe for thy
Share, twenty five; with the pretty ſmugge *Fatyma*,
To leade'em.
Gotar. I humbly thanke your grace, though I
Sho'd not covet ſo many deſperate femals:
Yet, with the aſſiſtance of my kindeſt friends,
I ſhall be ſtrongly back'd. *Enter Wermond.*

Wermond. May it pleaſe you, Sir,
Here are arriv'd two poſts at once, all full
Of ſweat and durt; and bring bad newes, it's fear'd.
Fr. Curſe on thy feares, Goe, ſend 'em hither to us; *Exit.*
It's but theſe women that affright fooles thus. *Enter firſt poſt.*
What newes? be briefe.
Gotar. He's full of durt, indeed!
1. *Poſt.* *Landgartha* with a mighty troope of women,
Gatherd to her from all the parts of *Norway*,
Make havocke of your ſouldiers, ſir; and killing
All the Sweds they light vpon, they likewiſe threaten;
They will grant you (ere long) no better quarter.
Fr. My Sweds and I will make ſome, here in *Norway*,
Pay dearely for that vant. Come, doe thou croake too *Enter*
The worſt tale thou canſt. *2. poſt.*
2. *Poſt.* You had neede, Sir make quicke
Reſiſtance, or ſhift for your ſelfe: for, the King
Of *Denmarke*, with a mighty fleete, has now
Put in at *Maſtrand*; and begins to land
His forces, to joyne with *Landgartha's*: who
With maine ſpeede, marches to meete him thither.
Fr. Which he ſhall ſoone repent, and ſo ſhall that
Male-harted Traytreſſe, withall the curll'd knot
Of rebels that attend her; We are not
So unprovided, as they doe ſuppoſe yet;
Fly therefore *Haſmond*, gather thou our troopes
Within and neere the Citie. *Gotar*, thou
Haſte to the quarters further of; and with
All poſſible ſpeed draw unto us. Away
When need compels, men muſt uſe no delay. *Exeunt omnes.*

A march, then enter Landgartha, Scania, Elſinora, Fatyma, and one or two Ladies more, all attyr'd like Amazons, with Battle-axes in their hands, and Swords on.

Land. We now (ſweet Ladies and deare ſiſters) march not
Againſt th'intemperate *Frollo*: but aſcend
The milkie way, that leads to immortall fame;

Not to be rank'd among the ſtarre-made harlots:
But ſtated in the high'ſt Empyreall heaven,
To ſide the gods, where *Pallas* and chaſt *Phœbe*
(Arm'd chiefely with the weapons of their vertues)
Keepe all the Maſculin deities in awe.
This our deſigne may well exalt us thither,
As their good deeds did them: that in defence
Of that all ſho'd hold deareſt, our honours, Ladies,
Doe now expoſe our ſelves to death, and what
A cruell, vicious, revengefull Tyrant
May inflict on us, if vanquiſh'd. Yet, this act
Of ours we muſt not vainely boaſt of: for,
The little birds will (with their beaks and wings)
Offend the raviſhers of their young iſſue.
What then ſhould we performe thinke you, that farre
Paſſe theſe? yeild up your bodies baſely to
Foule rape and luſt, and ſo to infamie
For-ever? No, no: farre be this from us
Honour'd virgins, that have ſuch armes to wield
Theſe cutting weapons, being (too) to fight authoriz'd,
By the examples of the nobleſt women,
Semiramis, *Zenobia*, faire *Cinana*
Siſter unto great *Macedon*, ſtout *Alvilda*,
Camilla, and the Amazonian Queenes,
Great *Mithridates* Queene, and ſeverall others,
Are patterns now for us to imitate;
O moſt brave patterns! Yet this we may ſay,
That our chaſt glories ſhall paſſe theirs, as farre
As th' worth of our intentions doth exceed
The cauſe they undertooke: nor ought you doubt it.
Let then the King of *Denmarke* fight where he liſt:
We will purſue no other than our worſt
And ſtrongeſt adverſary in's owne ſquadron;
Where I, as firſt, will looſe my life, or give
A ſuddaine end to his blacke purpoſes,
That ſought a conqueſt on our chaſtities.

Elſinor. Thy vertues and example, Neece: that are not
To be reach'd by any imitation

(At leaſt of our endeavours) doe farre more
Excite our courages, then *Hermes* could,
Were he now here, to play the Orator:
Lead on then; you ſhall find us no bad ſeconds.
Scania. I have more than a womans longing to begin.
Land. I know *Fatyma*, though ſhe be not great,
Has not the leaſt deſire to fight among us.
Fatyma. Stay till you ſee me knocke ſome great ones downe;
Untill when, I ſhall well remit your prayſes.
Land. Then follow me; and as you ſee me wooe
The *Swediſh* King, to his doe you ſo too. *Exeunt. A march.*

Enter Reyner, Valdemar, Inguar, Hubba, and one or two or more Souldiers with Axes.

Reyner. It's my chiefe comfort, noble *Cymbrians*,
Subjects and friends, to be your guide to day,
Againſt a valiant, wicked adverſary;
And for our right, th'inheritance of this kingdome,
To ſhew that vertue and the cauſe, doe more
Prevayle than any humane fortitude,
Or ſetl'd Councels, when they're joyn'd to vice;
And by injuſtice ſeeke to advance their ſtates:
Which wiſely our forefathers mask'd beneath
The fables of the *Titans* 'gainſt the gods.
But it ſho'd ſeeme the vertue of our foes
(Wiſedome and valour) has forſooke 'em, by
Their palliardiſe, by eaſe, and hourely ryot;
This kingdome being more fatall unto them,
Then *Capua* was to *Hannibal*: and therefore,
Not worth your meaneſt feares: I muſt not then
Inlarge my ſelfe in words too farre, becauſe
You need 'em not; nor need you be beholding,
Unto the fames of your brave Anceſtors,
Thoſe valiant *Cymbrians*, that almoſt gave
An end to *Rome*, the Miſtris of the world,
And not in her declyning dayes, when her
Owne vices had confounded her; as when

The *Gothes* and *Vandals* (now our enemies)
Did trample on her, being downe before.
She liv'd full man, when great King *Belcus*
Did (on the borders of rich *Italy*)
Vanquish three of her braveſt Generals,
Sylanus, *Cæpio*, and *Manilius*.
This (if you pleaſe) you may conſider; and
That our foes are more famous for their whoredomes,
Than conquering of *Norway*. Reflect alſo
How for this cauſe, we are aſſiſted by
An Angel troope, of chaſt and noble Ladies:
Whom neyther loſſe of life, or other evils
Can fright, from ſeeking to revenge the wrongs
Done to their Sex, their parents, and their friends.
Then, let's not ſhame our ſelves now in their preſence,
Or to poſteritie: by being out-gone
By women in a battle. Laſtly, conſider
The everlaſting honour due to vertue;
Of which we now ſhall make a glorious purchaſe.
Hub. I am affraid you will conſider (ſir,)
So long of theſe women; untill you forget
What you applaud ſo feelingly, your vertue.
Rey. Thou 'rt alwayes merry, *Hubba*, honeſt withall;
And from my heart I wiſh, that each man here
Performe a Souldiers parts, no worſe than thou;
We ſhall not then be beaten.
Vald Let's march on, ſir:
And you ſhall quickly find the meaneſt of 'em,
Valiant and ſtrong to purchaſe what's your birth-right.
Rey. Then let us move; and proſper too, as we
Affect injuſtice, or impietie. *Exeunt. A march*

Enter Frollo, Haſmond, Gotar, and two or three more with Axes.

Frollo. We muſt not looſe our confidence, brave Warriors,
Though we be taken ſomewhat tardy, by
A ſort of raw freſh-water ſouldiers, weake

Vnmartiall

Unmartiall women fitter for night encounters;
And some poore fugitive *Norwegian* rebels,
Conquer'd and beaten oft by us before.
What then although our numbers be the lesse?
Yet not by much: the glory of the adventure,
Would not be worth the paines we under tooke else.
Besides, if we consider what our Ancestors
Have (by their never-equall'd vallors) oft
Perform'd against the noblest nations of
The world, this our designe is nothing: nothing
To what they did: What we have done our selves,
And meane to doe hereafter. Notwithstanding,
Let me commend unto your memories,
After a generall fashion (for now
The time exacts deeds more than words) what some
Of their large conquests were, not onely in
Europe, Which was all theirs a'most: but in
Affricke, a third and richest part of th'world;
Which from the *Ocean* unto *Nyle* they won;
And from the *Mid-land* Sea, to the torrid *Zone*.
Great *Rome* her selfe (that wisedome boasted most,
And next her vallor) was by our fathers taken,
Pillag'd, and burnt foure times at least; and her
Large Empyre brought to nothing. She master'd all:
We master'd her;
And will not now degenerate first of ours.
What though men say, we are not religious?
Religion is but a toy, and first invented
By politicke States, to keepe fooles in awe;
And of all men observed least by themselves,
If she but thwart the least of their intendments.
They glorifie her much for their owne ends;
And that's even almost all: and so may we.
Yet, honour by warre, riches, and our pleasure,
Shall be the Altars, and the gods we'll bow to
In our free mindes; and what we gaine we'l keepe.
King *Reyner* therefore was not wise, in seeking
To dispossesse the bravest Nation breathing,

Of what they have atchiev'd by the right of conqueſt;
And ſhall (I hope) in ſnatching at our Crowne,
By your more pow'rfull armes, ſoone miſſe his own. *Ex. Allarums.*

A good while after the allarums are begun,
Enter Frollo and a gentleman.

Frol. Furies and plagues: theſe wild, wild bloudy whores,
Fight like ſo many Tygers: without the leaſt
Apprehenſion of feare, or any kind
Of mercy: the purſie *Danes* come nothing neere 'em:
Having cut off our vauntgard, and right wing,
They preſſe on our maine battle too; and force
It to give ground. Goe, fly thou: and charge *Haſmond*
To fetch the reare with ſpeed up; that we may *Exit gentl.*
(There being no other hope for ſafety left us)
Upon one deſperat onſlaught hazard all. *Enter Scania.*
Scan. I am glad I 've met you, ſir.
Frol. A pretty fine peece, *aſide.*
I wo'd faine ſave this. I ſho'd preferre
Thy beautie, unto ought that's ours; prove kind
And gentle unto thee, ſweet-heart: if thou 'lt
But yeeld ——
Scania. To thy imbraces, that muſt 'a' had
My ſiſter, me and forty more. We now
Shall ſee what you can doe 'gainſt one. Come quickly
Then, vnto your guard ſir: or I ſhall ſoone ſend forth
Your too hot bloud, to coole your luſtfull heart.
Frol. Plague on you for a company of ſpitefull,
Venomous tong'd bitches. Ye had rather lye
With the worſt Hynde of your owne, than the beſt of us.
Scan. Villaine, I 'll anſwer thee another way. *Offers to fight on*
Land. Hold ſiſter. This muſt only be my mate: *which Land. enters.*
Goe, ſeeke you out another ſomewhere elſe? *Exit Scania.*
Frol. Art thou *Landgartha*? or ſome ſupernall goddeſſe,
Deſcended in her fairer ſhape, to make
A conqueſt now on *Frollo*, that muſt yeeld
Himſelfe thy captive?

The contrary.
Rey. You will not wrong the world
(The race of man, ſweet Lady,) ſo to robb it
Of ſuch luſtre: nay of all light, by
Dedicating of what is onely good in't,
Your ſelfe, to ſolitude.
Land. I muſt not be
Compell'd to any ſtate of life, ſir.
Rey. You cannot
Madame, I ſee that; and (by your force my foes
Now put to flight) I ſhall coutinue alwayes,
Not onely a meere ſervant, but for ever
Your bondman; not to offend you i' th' leaſt thought.
Vald. Here be other noble friends (ſir) to whom you
Stand bound in no ſmall ſummes.
Elſinor. Of Princely favour
Onely.
Rey. Riſe faire Ladies, you ſhall command
Vs, being your creature.
Land. You are now, ſir
To conſider, how to uſe your victory.
Scania. For us, we ſhall hereafter (we doubt not)
Partake the fruits of your moſt Royall bounty,
Which we ſhall begge more, for the generall
Good, than our particular intereſts, ſir.
Rey. You ſhall be the Law-makers, to your ſelves:
For thoſe, by whom we raigne, ſhall be our guides:
In the meane time, thou *Valdemar* and *Inguar*,
Purſue the flying foe, but moſt with mercie,
Not of circumſpection; yet, leaſt th' Van
Turne by ſome accident, by us not thought on;
Save all that yeeld; whom we doe meane to ſend
Home ranſomeleſſe; to ſee if that benefit
May worke a peace betwixt us. If it doe not,
We ſhall the next time be the more excus'd,
In our extending of ſeveritie.
Come Ladies, we'll to counſell to conclude
Concerning what we have (by you) ſubdu'd.

Enter Scania, Elſinora, & Fat.

The second Act.

Enter Valdemar, and Inguar.

Vald. It's a strange humor that has seaz'd upon him;
whatsoever the cause be.
Inguar. When you are
Ignorant of it, all others must be so.
Vald. He discovers nothing to me save onely
That he is full (and that he often sayes)
Of griefe and heavinesse; and sometimes sicke.
Ing. His sickness may (in time) prove dangerous,
If some fit remedy be not apply'd.
Vald. He 'll heare of none; I urg'd his Physitians,
At which he storm'd, and bad me leave him to
Himselfe; and since I dare not come in sight.
Ingar. It's a deadly malady, that will admit
Of no cure We are best put Captaine *Hubba*,
Or the wise *Cowsell* on him: for the wit
Of the one and th'others folly may remove
More of that griefe he speaks on, than good counsell. *Enter Rey.*
Vald. Here comes the man himselfe, in his usuall
Meditation: and therefore let's away. *Exeunt ambo.*
Reyn. She is divinely faire, and in her mind
The noblest vertues keepe their residence,
As in their loveli'st habitation,
Being all in love with her, I thinke, as I am,
From my sad heart warme teares (teares of affliction)
The fire of my affection doth send up
Into my eyes, that thence distill in streames,
Which yet to me, are torrents of sweet joyes,
Ioyes, that this is for her, my griefe proceeds
From a profound feare I shall never gaine her,
Injoy that unpeer'd modell of perfection.
There is no way but one to pull the fruit

Jove would turne Gooſe, to taſte: ſhe's ſo reſerv'd
To the leaſt vicious acts; Wretch, that hope
Is not (yet) left thee: For, being nobly borne
(Though ſhe no fit match be for us, in lieu
Of worldly ſubſtance, being in her ſelfe
An ample dowry for a richer Prince)
We ſho'd (and gladly) ſue to be her husband.
But a report goes, ſhe will joyne with no man,
In ſuch an obligation, which (that ſhe
Will not at all have me) is that which ſtriks
A blacke deſpaire into my ſoule, and will
(Vnleſſe I meete ſome comfort) quickly kill me;
Being ſicke in body, as in mind already. *Enter Hub & Cowſell.*
Hub. See, where he ſtalks. Doe you but put him out
Of his ſad humor; and thou ſha't have ——————
Cow. O Captaine,
I am affraid, for he looks ſowre upon't.
Hub. No matter: feare you nothing, but proceed;
And care not what you ſay, ſo you ſay ſomething;
It's your fooles faſhion, and you now muſt ſeeme one.
Cow. But hearke, you, Captaine. How ſho'd I begin?
Hub. Say that you come from the Ladies: ſo I leave you. *Exit*
Rey. Sirra, what make you here? *Hub. & peeps.*
Cow. Come from the Ladies.
Rey. Well ſayd, ſpeake that againe.
Cow. Come from the Ladies.
Rey. Very good, and what of them?
Cow. Come from the Ladies.
Rey. What, againe. Pray tell me, what did occaſion
Your ſo kind friendly viſit to the Ladies?
Cow. I went thither (being ſome two myle of)
To be joviall with a new acquaintance
Of mine, my brother *Radger*.
Rey. Some ſuch wiſe man,
As thou art.
Cow. He's a very honeſt man.
Rey. And takes his cup ſoundly, I warrant.
Cowſell. So

Doe many honeſt men beſide him; and
Keepe wenches too, that's more.
Rey. And yet are honeſt.
Cow. 's honeſt and faire-condition'd gentlemen,
As live, I know ſeverall of 'em, my ſelfe.
Rey. The Ladies are well. How did they uſe thee? tell.
Cow. They 're all exceeding well: and us'd me kindly
For your ſake; gave me a banquet, ſtrawberries
And creame; we drunke helter-skelter too; the Ladies
Tooke your health themſelves, and ask'd me how you did;
Landgartha ſayd, you were a good man, and that
She lov'd you with all her heart.
Rey. Let me imbrace *Imbraces him.*
Thee from my heart, for that good newes.
Hub. Sweet King,
Have I found your malady?
Cow. O kind Prince! *Aſia.*
Rey. What ſayeſt? are they not delicate fine creatures?
Cow. Indifferent handſome, paſſable, and ſo forth ——
Hub. You 'll with a knocke be ſent forth, I ſee that.
Rey. I was not from thy want of wit, to expect
Any true cenſure. But yet, tell me truely:
Which of 'em all doſt thou thinke is the faireſt?
Cow. The Lady *Elſinora* in my opinion,
Is th' rich Pearle amongſt 'em; *Landgartha* to her
Is but a meere milkemayde.
Rey. He makes me ſicke,
A dunce to wrong the worlds chiefe ornament. *Kicks, & beats him.*
Cow. Oh, oh my bum! my bum! *Exit, and enter Hubba.*
Hub. I perceive I muſt
Venture a beating too.
Rey. Thou mett'ſt a foole
Going out that way.
Hub. And he complaines of ſomething
Vnder favour.
Rey. We gave ſome cauſe for 't, but
Doe now repent it. Prethee *Hubba* call him;
He ſayd ſome 'at of the Ladies.

Hubba.

Hub. I can tell
You more of 'em than he: for, I was lately too
Where they (like a companie of fine ducklings)
Wag together.
Rey. Thy words are base.
Hub. What wo'd
You have me say? they are all very valiant;
And made King *Frollo* pay for seeking (and
But in's goodwill) to domineere a little
Over 'em; he lost his life and kingdomes by 't.
Rey. We therefore ought the better to love them.
Hub. As your subjects onely, sir, but not to cast
Vnder you on a bed, couch, or cleane mat;
You know what fine *Furies* they are, if you vex 'em.
Rey. We are not so unwise, as to consult
Of their dishonour.
Hub. Nor so farre (I hope)
Mistaken to marry any of 'em.
Rey. Why *Hubba*? are they not faire and vertuous,
Think'st thou?
Hub. I doe admire, sir, you sho'd talke
So much of vertue: a thing th'arranteſt Asse
Will scorne, if Money be not joyn'd to it;
And then (although he hate it, and the possessor
Of it) he will prayse 't.
Rey. Thou 'rt now in thy old humors.
Hub. Besides, you thinke *Landgartha* faire: but I say,
Th'Emperors daughter 's worth a thousand of her.
Rey. I 'de loathly beat thee *Hubba*: yet, I tell thee;
Were *Charlemaine* (the Emperors father) now
Alive, and in his Pryme of youth and glory;
Landgartha (being his Paralell in vallor;
By vertue much more) were a wife enough good
For him; were she not neere so faire as she is.
But all, all being joyn'd *Hubba*; I suppose
He wo'd esteeme her his chiefe earthly blessing.
I, I, and more, a Paradise on earth.
Hub. Were she ten times better: you cannot have her.

Rey. Thou ſhoot'ſt a ſuddaine feare (colder then death)
Into me; You were beſt give no bad reaſon,
For what you ſay.
Hub. She has vow'd Chaſtity,
Unto the gods: which bond though you ſho'd be
Content to forfeyt, it is ſure ſhe will not.
Rey. The ſtrongeſt poyſon could not fincke me deader,
Then thy ſad tongue has. *Exit.*
Hub. Flunge away in a rage:
Well; I was to blame to tell him, what I was not
Sure on: For now I truely doe conceive
There is no plaſter but one, that can cure him;
And that the faire *Landgartha* muſt apply too;
No garden hearbs will doe it, any one
That has as much braine as a Wood-cocke, may now
Finde that, that knowes what his diſeaſe is. He's worſe
Then horne-mad already; I 'll therefore after him,
And what betwixt lyes and true tales, I ſhall goe very neere
To fetch him to himſelfe, and hope againe. *Exit.*

Enter Inguar in the middle.

The King ſtretch'd on his Couch, ſtrangely diſtemper'd,
And moſt unlike himſelfe (his courage loſt)
He pules and whynes moſt pitifully: Good heaven,
What ſtrange diſeaſe ſho'd render ſo devicted
Such a man? So valiant? So each way noble?
We ſee no outward cauſe, that ſho'd diſtract him;
Sho'd it be love? *Enter Vald. to Inguar.*
Vald. Lord *Inguar*, I have newes
For you.
Ing. I long to heare 'em: For your count'nance
(Showing alacrity) ſpeaks comfort to the King.
Vald. Did you never heare of a little blind
Boy, that wounded many a proper man?
Ing. Has *Cupid* ſhot his Highneſſe?
Vald. No mortall man,
Nor god ſo deepe, 't will be proclaym'd in open

Market shortly.

Inguar Who should the object be?

Vald. Who but *Volsca de gente Camilla?*
Th'fairest and best of women, brave, *Landgartha*
Hubba is sent (on paine of his best joynt)
To fetch her hither: from whence ere she part,
Her duty and th'Kings gracious affection
Consider'd, she may be glad to yeeld to his
Commands; as I hope her sister will, to my
Intreaties to serve her.

Inguar. I beleeve, you 'ill finde
Your selfe mistaken in those vertuous Ladies.

Enter the foure Ladies in womans apparel with Swords on, and Hubba.

Land. The gods defend so good, and mercifull
A Prince; I know it's but a cold that troubles
His grace.

Hub. Not so (Madame) I can assure you;
His disease proceeds rather of heate. He burnes
Extreamely; and it s thought by some that his
Physitians cannot cure him.

Land. I hope
They are deceiv'd that thinke so.

Vald. Welcome to Court,
Faire Ladies; Which, till now (that you lighten it
With the divine splendor of your beauties)
Was darker than a dungeon: and but a Hell
Compar'd unto the Paradise of the Campe,
Where in the fruition of your pleasing st
Conversations, being rapt beyond our selves
With hope of future favours, we in you
Plac'd the whole summe of our felicities.

Land. You are merrily dispos' itd seemes, sir,
Which (to be plaine) becomes you but most foulely;
The King being sicke, when all (and chiefly you)
Sho'd (and not for ceremony onely) put

A darke face of ſorrow on; and contayne
Their ſlippery tongues, from talking over-idlely;
Some may conceive your mirth proceeds, from being
Next heire to him in bloud.
Vald. It rather ſprings
(Sweet Lady) from your comming now to cure him.
Land. Which, with a joyfull heart, I ſho'd performe
If I knew how: Pray you therefore, kind ſir,
Be ſomewhat cleerer in what you conceive.
Vald. 'ts quickly learnt; nature will teach you Madame,
His grace will ſhew you too; you will not prove *Ieeringly.*
Perverſe.
Land. Are you ſo blinde a Goate, to forget *Gives him*
Frollo ſo ſoone? to open your eyes take that. *a box, on*
Scan. Pray ſiſter hold. What doe you meane to quarell *which all*
On a ſurmiſe? I know the Lord *Valdemars* *draw, and*
Intents are noble, and much more the Kings. *Scania*
Elſin. Y' are to blame, Neece, to be ſo ſuddaine in ſuch *ſteps in.*
A fond conceit.
Land. Doe we come to be abus'd?
I 'll backe agen. For your part ſir, you ſhall *Exit, and the*
Not fayle to meete me, when and where you liſt. *other three*
Hub. His grace will now run mad indeed. *follow her.*
Vald. Lord *Inguar*,
As you love me, follow that ſevere Lady;
And reduce her (if ever you did ought for
A friend) to mildneſſe, and this way backe; or I
Am loſt for ever to the King and people: *Exit Inguar.*
Captaine, goe thou too once more, for my ſake.
Hub. And as you meane to doe, forſweare my ſelfe
That you meant no hurt. I have already told her
A hundred lyes at leaſt; and am now o'-th' faith,
That double the number will ſcarce ſerve to quiet her;
It's ſuch another untoward piece of fleſh *Exit Hub.*
Vald. She is an excellent Miſtris, and has taught *Ieeringly.*
Me ſuch a Leſſon, I have cauſe to thanke her:
For ſhe has given me patience, and wiſedome;
Honeſty too I thinke. The flat truth is

That Muſicke and mirth were good for ſickely men.
Rey. Bid the Boy ſing the Song we made of Love.

Song.

Love's farre more pow'rfull than a King,
And wiſer then moſt Stateſmen are:
For it commands him, and doth ſpring
In them ſtrange thoug'ts; in both much care
(Beſide th'affaires o' th' Common-wealth)
To crouch and to obey. Nay more;
It makes 'em looſe all joy and health,
And not be the men they were before;
Vntill wiſe love, all pow'rfull love,
The gracious Phyſitian preve.

Land. This is a very loving ſong,
Your grace made: but the contents of it, not
To be apply'd to you ſir, that may command
(If pow'r and perſon can compell) the beſt
And faireſt Lady i' th'world to be yours,
In a noble way; and otherwiſe your vertue forbids it.
Rey. It does indeed forbid us what is vicious:
And ſeeing we doe not hope for life, we muſt
Crave your kinde pardon now, to heare us tell
Th'occaſion of our ſickneſſe, briefly thus:
You are the onely cauſe on't.
Land. How? I my liege?
My knowledge ſayes not ſo.
Rey. Your beautie, vallor,
And all the perfections (parted to others,
But) in you conjoyn'd, proteſt it: and I
For one can ſweare it. But, being repell'd
By a ſeverely-awing rigor from your brow
(Yet ſweet withall, though killing) and being told
Of a ſad purpoſe y' have, never to marry;
We now are fall'n thus low, beneath the Center
Of deepe deſpaire and ſorrow: and deſire,
You will ſay ſomething, eyther to haſten our death,

Or to recall it by a loving ſentence.
Land. I muſt take ſome time then to deliberate
Aſide.
Rey. Being yours, in that you may command us. *She goes aſide*
Land. We expected no ſuch entertaynment. *& the Ladies*
Elſin. My minde foretold me ſtill of ſome diſaſter. *with her.*
Scan. Notwithſtanding your reſolution,
Not to marry: you have not vow'd againſt
Obedience to a man, in that friendly
Yoake of Wedlocke. The Kings ſound affection
Is not then to be rejected, if you ever
Take any.
Land. If I doe, he ſhall be the man.
Fatyma. You muſt not ſtudy now long for ſome anſwer.
Elſin. He's deſperatly ill: and if you ſho'd
Give him a flat deniall, we might be
All ſeazed on heere at Court, and ſome villanie
Committed on us; being to defend our ſelves,
Too few by many.
Scan. They ſhall take our lives,
Ere we'll endure to be defil'd.
Fatyma. And with
The loſſe of ſome of theirs.
Rey. Have you conſider'd
Yet, of the doome y'are to pronounce?
Elſinora. All ſtand
Warily on their guard.
Land. Your poore ſubjects (ſir)
Muſt rather expect (in duty) your commands.
Rey. Nay ſweet Lady. Doe not increaſe my torment,
By adding affliction to miſery,
With a complement: but ſomething ſay, that
May appertaine to th' matter, to rid me
Quickely of my paine.
Land. It's ſure; I have not
(Although I ever meant it) bound my ſelfe,
Unto a ſingle life.
Rey. Then deareſt Lady,

Consider who I am; and what I now am,
Lodg'd thus: for though I clayme you not as by desert,
Or dutie: Yet, being your Prince, you owe me
Some regard; and all, I e'r must glory in,
Shall be to make you Queene of what is ours.
Land. May it please you, Sir.
Rey. Pray you sit and speake;
Or I must rise, if weakenesse will permit. *She sits, and the rest stand.*
Land. Had I beene ambitious, when you were not
Crown'd King of *Norway*; I could then perchance
Have written Queene, unto your prejudice.
But, for that *Frollo* once intended foulely,
I (that could not affect vice) did refuse
What he with earnestnesse, and many Oathes
Sought to confirme; and was his bane at last,
Though I beleev'd that what he said, he meant.
Now therefore (Sir,) your affection (grounded
In way of honour, without taint of baseneſſe;
With such exterior signes too, of deepe love
To me, unworthy of so great a Prince:)
I cannot (nor will my heart permit it) but
In way of gratefulnesse, reciprocally
Requite with love againe, as dutie binds;
Nay, more then so. But yet, gracious Sir,
I (that am meane and poore to be your Consort;
And that things of this kinde are oft repented)
Doe now beseech you, to decline a while
The vehemencie of your fleete desires;
And take full time to thinke on what you doe:
Were't but to take a neerer view of me,
And that in all points. For know sir, the honour
You now affoord me, compar'd to th'infamie
That would redound to both of us; and to others
(By whom you are to be advis'd) if ought
Sho'd chance amisse, when things were consumate,
Is nothing: would but heighten your disgrace.
Your wise demurre too; I shall take as full payment
For all my services; and rest devoted

More deepely yours: and evermore continue
Your loyall subject onely, sir.
Rey. I was sure
(Noblest and best of Ladies:) That your words
(Being such as now they are) could not but worke
A cure upon me. See, I can stand up:
Nay, goe; I 'll throw my Cap off too. Some of you
Give me a Hat; I will walke with you forth
Into the Gallery, and tell you there,
I have consider'd so much what you are,
Though not to your full value, this being
Impossible: that if you thinke me not
Unworthy (as indeed I am for you)
We shall soone be Man and Wife. To morrow
I 'll wayte on you further, into the Garden.
Hub. And there (in one of the little bawdy houses) *Aside.*
Seale the Covenant, if it be receiv'd;
Though he were sure to die in an houre after.
Elsin. I see she does affect him in good earnest. *Aside.*
But wisedome bids be silent; This poore kingdome
Being already torne too much, by tyrannie and troubles.
Things past our helpe, with patience must be borne,
Untill a fit time.
Rey. Lady *Elsinora*,
Me thinkes you doe not signe our loving motion,
With a friendly countenance.
Elsin. I hope, great Sir,
You will be pleas'd to entertayne farre better thoughts
Of your humblest hand-mayd.
Rey. I hope we shall.
Land. In licensing our departure, for some small time
(Dayes five or sixe, and for a private Cause:)
You will for ever bind us (sir) to your commands;
And to returne with all convenient speed,
To obey your Highnesse pleasure in all points.
Rey. That ask'd agen, would throw me on my Couch;
Never to rise.
Vald. Madame, I sho'd make bold

To ſtop your journey; though the King were pleas'd
To grant his licence: for you (I muſt ſay
Somewhat roughly) ſaluted my left eare
With your right hand, as theſe can witneſſe for me.
Land. For which, you are reſolv'd to challenge me:
But not to be your wife; I gave you no
Such promiſe.
Vald. I muſt have ſatisfaction.
Land. You may declare what that is, when you liſt.
Vald. Nay, you ſhall know it now; and thus it ſounds:
That you perſwade this Lady, to become *Takes Scan. by*
My ſecond. For, love has ſtrucke me too, ſo ſore *the hand.*
A cuffe (caus'd by her beautie, and what elſe
Is good in her, in my opinion
Superlatively:) that I ſhall ne'r be rid
O' th' paine on't; unleſſe you that are like to be
My Coſſen, advance me higher, to the honour
To be your brother. We ſhall then be kind friends.
Land. She is not my warde; and may take whom ſhe fancies;
I may my ſelfe repent, to be perſwaded.
Rey. Speake Ladie, doe you like the man? He is
As good a Gentleman as We are: Say,
Will you have him?
Scan. You make me bluſh (ſir,) to aske
Me ſuch a queſtion.
Vald. Nay then, it's granted.
Scan. I will not grant at firſt; nor ſhall you ſay
Hereafter I deceiv'd you.
Fat. You deceive
Your ſelfe. Well Madame, I perceive we two *To Elſin.*
Muſt mateleſſe home to prove the Veſtals.
Ing. Not, ſweet Lady, if you 'll daigne to grace me, with
The title husband.
Fat. For your good will, ſir,
I thanke you: but will heare of no more coupling.
Ing. I yet muſt love you ſtill.
Rey. Then let's from hence,
To entertayne heavens happy influence. *Exeunt.*

The

The third Act.

Enter Fredericke and a Servant at the dore.

Fred. Let 'em not presse so fast in, to behold
A semi-maske: for now 't can be no more,
For want of fitting Actors here at Court;
The Warre and want of Money, is the cause on't.
Serv. Stand further off, my masters, or I shall——
Fred. Let fly amongst 'em.
Vald. Pray you my Lord, have a care *Enter Vald. and Lady.*
(For my sake) of this Lady; a kins-woman
Of my wives.
Fred. (I know you are Vxorious.)
Land. He shall not need: for I will have a care
Of my selfe.
Fred. I sho'd gladly serve your Highnesse:
But can hardly yet from hence.
Vald. Come Cousin,
I will be your Gentleman usher my selfe. *Exeunt ambo.*
Cowsell within, make roome I say there, for me and my brother.
Fred. What kinde Cossens are those?
Serv. A payre of Coxcombes,
So individuall by the littlenesse
Of their understandings, they cannot be parted. *Enter Cow. &*
Cow. Come away brother *Radgar*, we 'd need make haste, *Rad.*
To take our places.
Rad. I shall be proud brother,
To be seated after you.
Cow. And I fortunate
To sit next before you.
Rad. It shall be my ambition brother, to
Be still (as now) your most humble servant.

Cow. It must be all my study then, brother; To
Command things onely pleasing: for marke you
Deere brother. I must strive chiefly to precede,
But ——— in my affection.
Fred. A pretty Antimasque:
I will sit downe, and heare what it concludes.
Rad. But hearke you now, brother. Shall we have any
Drinke, Banquets, or so ———
Cow. Not a drop betwixt meales, brother,
That's but a simple Countrey fashion.
Fred. Are they already fall'n from complement?
Rad. Yet, me thinkes brother, 't were n't amisse to lay
The pots hard by; and let him drinke that wo'd.
Cow. I sho'd a part keepe with you, in that Catch
brother, but now (with griefe enough) I say 't
(Wo'd I co'd not say 't:) I cannot now (being puff'd
Vp here for want of ayre) drinke nere as much,
As when I liv'd abroad i' th' Countrie; nor eate
The quarter quantitie.
Rad. That must be beleev'd
Generally, as a Maxime infallible:
For to day brother, the stinke of your perfum'd
And stuffing meates, tooke my stomacke quite away
From me. Yet, we drunke pretty well you know.
Cow. It's certaine (brother,) those that cannot eate,
Must drinke, and I can drinke indifferent well still
But, time there was I could 'a' payde it soundly.
Rad. As, how much? Pray sweet brother.
Cow. It is scarce
Credible, I now shall tell you: at one short
Sitting, I 'd a drunke you of Wine sixe Flaggons,
And two dozen of Beere at least, all at eight draughts;
And never 'a' seene the colour of my face,
In a Chamber pot; or sought ease, by visiting
My kind friend *Aiax.*
Rad. That's more by a little,
Then I ever could vent the right way. But yet,
I dare speake it brother, we are very neere

As good drinkers, as you be here i' th' Citie:
For you see, when we come to Towne, we doe
Nothing but runne from Taverne, to Taverne;
Oft to blind Ale-houses, to visit the fine
Wenches, of purpose there plac'd, to draw custome;
Now and then to see a Play, when we want
Other exercise; and once a weeke (upon
A holy day, when all doores are shut up)
To a godly exhortation, and sleepe out
(At least) three parts on't.

Cow. Especially if you
Take your liquor before hand.

Rad. Right brother, but
To morrow we will both from hence, to th' Countrey.

Cow. Wo'd this night were over once.

Rad. We 've excellent Mayds with us,
And while my Ladies dance and feast it here,
Both night and day: We both will keepe Court there;
Throw out the house at th' windowes, and fetch in
All our Towne-fidlers, with all the young fellowes
In fifteene villages about us; is 't not good?

Cow. O rare!

Fred. I' th' meane time Sir, let me perswade you
To conduct your brother to a place: For I
Am weary of your company. *Cow,* 'thanke your Lordship. *Hubba* within, give way there. *Exeunt ambo.*

Fred. What lusty Gentleman's that?

Serv. Mad Captaine *Hubba*, and as lusty a *Virago* with him.

Enter Hubba and Marfisa in an Irish Gowne tuck'd up to mid-legge, with a broad basket-hilt Sword on, hanging in a great Belt, Broags on her feet, her hayre dishevell'd, and a payre of long neck'd big-rowll'd Spurs on her heels.

Hub. Come my brave *Marfisa*,
You are but just now come to Towne you say?

Mar. That you may well perceive sir, by my spurs.
Fr. Here's handsome Cheese and Butter, and a Sword.
Hub. They're a payre of excellent ginglers, but pray
Tell me: Did you ride sideling, or like a man?
Mar. Howsoever, there shall ne'r a *Dane* ride i' my Saddle.
Hub. What? not i' the way of honesty? as you love me,
Say not so; I hope you'll be pleas'd to thinke of my service.
Mar. I sho'd rejoyce to be well pleas'd i' th' way
Of honesty: Yet, your faire words shall not
Deceive me. As first try, then take on liking.
Hub. But, with your favour I thinke 't were better try:
Least you sho'd chance repent too late hereafter.
Mar. You will not put me sir, to use my Sword; *Puts hand*
If you doe, you must first begin at that. *to her sword.*
Fr. I thinke she meanes to make him marry her
Perforce; I shall have my part o' th' Maske here.
Hub. Pray Lady, take patience along with you;
I am fairely yours.
Fr. You had (on my knowledge)
But need to say so, if she be in earnest.
Mar. Then leade me to some honest place, where I may
Unspurre, untucke my Gowne, wash, and so forth — —
Hub. Most willingly, my faire *Marfisa*, thou sha't
Have a looking-glasse too; I ever tooke
A strange liking to thee, since first I saw
Thee fight i' th' battle like a Lyoness.
Y' are Cossen-german to th' Lady *Fatyma?*
Mar. Her selfe dare not deny it, sir.
Hub. I doe not *Goes about her.*
Onely marke your sweet face, but all things else
About you. Y' have a fine legge. The fashion
Of this Gowne, likes me well too; I thinke you had
The patterne on't from us, as we from *Ireland.*
Mar. That I know not, but am sure a handsome woman
Lookes as well in 't, as in any dresse, or habit
Whatsoever.
Hub. So it seemes by thee, my
Beautifull Mistris: For by that name, I must

Stile you henceforth. Come, let your loving ſquire
Conduct you. *Mar*, on before, I 'll follow. *Exeunt ambo.*

Lowd Muſicke. *Enter Reyner, Landgartha, Valdemar, Scania, Elſinora, Inguar, and Fatyma. The Ladies attir'd like women onely.*

Rey. My Queene and I, *Valdemar*, are much bound
To thy free *Genius*, for this thy ſecond Maske
After our nuptials; She more: but moſt
Of all, thy owne Lady. For, it's for her ſake
Thou ſo affect'ſt both us.
Scan. I could not wiſh
To 'a' met a kinder man.
Land. His kindneſſe makes
You oft aſham'd, you ſay; nor wo'd I have
The King ſo over fond of me.
Vald You ſtand
Confirm'd, Madame, in the pow'r your merits
Hold, to charme his faculties to your obeyſance.
Land. You deliver that, ſir, to picke a thanke from
My Siſter; at whom you point in that language.
Scan. I doe beleeve he does: which yet, muſt be
Conceiv'd onely to proceed, from his ill-plac'd
Affection; not my deſert to anſwer
His; much leſſe your perfections: being
But a poore Pigmie, compar'd to the greatneſſe
Of the worth in you.
Rey. This friendly Complement
We will paſſe over: and now *Valdemar*,
To apt our apprehenſions the more
To the true underſtanding of your Maske:
You may tell us ſomewhat of your ſcope in 't.
Vald. That is ſufficiently inform'd i' the thing
It ſelfe; though lame it be. The matter (being
All propheticall) I found in an old
Worme-eaten Booke, in the Lady *Elſinora's*
Library. And I ſho'd wrong your judgements;

Heere they take their places, but the King and the Queene under a Canopie.

And my owne labour, though of little value,
By ſtaling of it before hand.
Fr. It's a fine tale;
And cannot but pleaſe, unleſſe it meet ſuch minds,
As are not to be pleas'd.
Elſin. There is no Fuſtian,
Non ſenſe, Winde, or fopperie in't.
Rey. It matters not
What ſome odd envious foole ſayes; that grieves moſt
At th' goodneſſe of what he diſpraiſes: and wo'd
Be glad 't were worſe. We deſpiſe affected ſtuffe;
Or aſtrayn'd kind of Eloquence; being the ſmoake
And fruits of a vaineglorious, and an empty braine,
No flattery dwels we know in this. Let it begin.

The Maske. *Firſt enter ſix Satyrs, and dance a ſhort nimble antick to no Muſicke, or at moſt to a ſingle Violine: at the end of which enter Phœbus with Bow and Arrowes.*

Phœb. Away unmanner'd deities, though hope
Rayſe you unto this mirth, for *Troy*: Your ſcope
In 't (form'd at the counſell of the higher gods)
Makes not the iſſue of their Periods,
So fortunate as you doe now ſuppoſe
(In your inferior knowledges) to diſpoſe
For *Hectors* ſafetie: whom *Anacides*
(Madded for his lov'd *Menetiades*)
Flyes to deſtroy. Nor can the *Fates* divert,
But that fierce horrid man, will ſoone convert
All unto ſad deſtruction; unleſſe
We the pryme gods and demi-gods ſuppreſſe
His force, not otherwiſe to be reſiſted.
Get you away from hence then; and inſtead
Of friskings, in theſe pleaſant vales of *Ide*,
Expoſe your aydes (to th' utmoſt can be try'd)
For *Pryam* and his iſſue, ne'r till now
In danger of an utter overthrow.

Pal. Fine youth, ne'r shorne. Thou brandisher of darts,
That with thy Bow slew'st *Python*, thy best parts
Thou now must urge against me 'n single fight:
Till I have vanquish'd, or a shamefull flight
Compell'd to thy swift feet; nor shall thy deere
Beloved *Hector* scape my nobler Peere,
Divine *Achylles*; for his lov'd friend slaine,
Chiefly by thee.

Exeunt Satyri, and enter Pallas with Helmet, Shield and Lance.

Phœb. O let me not in vaine
(Most chast and warlike Mayde) implore thee now
For *Hectors* rescue that so manie a vow
Payde me i' th' thighes of sacrifized Beeves,
And not to me alone: For, my soule grieves
To thinke of his losse. Nor do's it fit thee
(As wholy bent upon impietie)
To mixe unguilty with the guiltie bloud.
Let it suffice, a vertuous Queene withstood
(*Pentheſilea* most renown'd) to her
Lives losse, the Champion thou dost most preferre,
With many other worthies: many more
Of *Pryams* faire sonnes, slaine by him before,
Which now let satisfie thy wrath; decline
Thy further vengeance on the just, and thine
Owne feast Companion, me: For, the blest gods
Ought not to be (among themselves) at oddes.

Exit.

Pal. He 's gone: but by his pow'r shall no way thwart,
The *Fates* pronounc'd harsh-doome, shot at the heart
Of his devoutest, and brave friend. Here comes

Enter Achylles.

Peleides to strike the blow, that summes
His happinesse, to obey my sterne Commands;
And can doe more then all the *Grecian* bands.

Enter Hector whom Achylles encounters in a dumbe show by way of a Dance and (Pallas assisting) kill es: then exeunt Pallas and Achylles. After which the Nymphs of Mount Ida sing this following Song in foure or five parts, to a pleasing Tune.

Song. *Though* Hector *now be dead, his name*
And memory ſhall laſt, while fame
Sounds her low'd Trumpet, lov'd, admir'd;
By his example ſhall be fir'd
To acts heroicke, future ages:
And Prophets (ſacred in their rages)
Shall by his vertues be inſtall'd;
And he by all a worthy call'd.

Hectors *body is taken away about the middle of the Song: after the end of it, Enter Phœbus and Pryam.*

Phœb. Much honour'd and deere old man, did'ſt not heare,
How the *Idalian* deities forbeare
Not (ſacred loving *Nymphs*, and griev'd like thee)
To chant a mirthfull pleaſing melody?
Glad for the future glory of thy ſonne,
Reaſon ſho'd governe: and a faire fame wonne,
Is of mans humane life the chiefeſt part,
Chiefeſt in *Hector*, and ſhall not depart
From thy for-ever-moſt fam'd houſe: For, know
Th' gods on thy line (of *Dardanus*) will beſtow
The largeſt Empyres; which to thee I'll now
Show for thy comfort: that thou ſho'dſt not bow
(Too much dejected in thy minde) to what
They in their Counſels doe predeſtinat.
Pry. Heavens brighteſt eye, I'll doe what lyes in me,
To obey thy will, and my lowre deſtinie.
Phœb. My tale in two parts, I doe thus impart:
A Prince from *Troy* hereafter ſhall depart,
When *Troy* takes end (as all dominion
Of mortals muſt:) whoſe chance will fetch him on
The *Lybian* ſhores, and upon *Latium* next.
Before which time and after, though oft vex'd
By the high-minded *Juno*, for her hates
Conceiv'd againſt the *Troians*: Yet, the *Fates*
Have deſtin'd him that throne of *Latium*,

Marrying

Marrying the daughter of its King. From him
(The Royall ſeate firſt chang'd to *Alba*) ſhall
Deſcend two Princes, twins; for which, a fall
Their mother takes from *Mars*, a votreſſe ſhe,
Compell'd unto that ſtate. Impietie
In an ambitious kinſman, to be drown'd
Sends both the Infants: who (ſav'd by chance) are found
Of a ſhe-woolfe, and nouriſh'd with her Teats;
Till by a ſheepheard found, and by brave feats
Made know'n to be themſelves; they build a Towne
Which ſhall be call'd *Rome*; and ſhall weare the Crowne
Of the worlds Monarchy, hundreds of yeares.
This is the firſt part of my tale.

Pry. My feares
And ſorrow (which till now I did ſuppoſe
Could not be done) th' haſt heal'd. Diſcloſe
The other part (deare god) that's left untould.

Phœb. Which (in no obſcure termes) I doe unfould:
A Prince call'd *Brutus* (of the *Troian* race)
Third to the firſt ſpoke of, being in the chace
Of wild beaſts, by unlucky fate he kils
Sylvius his Father, with the ſhaft he drils
At other game: Which fact, ſo much doth bend
The *Latines* againſt *Brutus*, him they ſend
To ſad exile. Who (after a time) arrives
At a brave ſpatious Iland (that derives
Her name from white rocks; being a little world)
With other *Troians* before met, and hurl'd
Too on misfortunes. A towne call'd new *Troy*
He builds here; th' Land cals *Brutaine*: doth enjoy
The whole as King; and his poſteritie
For many ages, ſhall raigne there, as he.
Sometimes (in pow'r and plentie) conquering
The neighbor Nations: ſometimes theſe (for nothing
But 's ſubject unto change on earth) afflict
Againe *Troy's Brutaines*, in their owne diſtrict.
Of which a certaine people, and call'd *Danes*
(*Cymbrians* by ſome) will prove their worſt of banes.

But ſhall be beaten backe; not without paine.
At length (in proceſſe of much time) ſhall raigne
In this faire Ile, a Prince (one way deſcended
Of *Troian* race: I' th' other ſide extended
Vp by the Royall bloud of *Danes*, unto
A warlike King call'd *Reyner*, that ſhall wooe
And wed a Lady Amazonian,
Landgartha nam'd) which Prince ſhall be the man
(Having his ſubjects in their loves combyn'd;
Who ſhall to evils onely be confin'd
By their owne ſad diſſentions, being of all
Earths men, the propereſt and moſt martiall)
To exalt thy bloud. He ſhall (by 's right) enjoy
The Land of *Danes*; and in this place where *Troy*
Now ſtands, ſhall Conquer, and build it againe,
Will alſo Conquer *Greece*, and there reſtrayne
Th' impieties of wicked men. Thus, *Fate*
I have layd ope' to thee, to conſolate
Thy ſelfe and ſad Queene; Now I muſt away:
For, from the gods I've made too long a ſtay. *Exeunt ambo.*

Vald. Your Majeſties have now ſeene all; even as
I found recorded in the foreſayd Booke:
How true heaven onely knowes. Yet, all may prove true
(Being not impoſſible) if men be wiſe.

Rey. And not deſtroy themſelves, as it's there ſpoke.
Our part on't has hit right; and ſo may that.
And now (*Valdemar*) to requite thy love; *All riſe.*
My Queene and I will make your Maske compleate,
By being your dancers. *Enter Hub. & Marſ. without her*
Hub. I muſt firſt beg your *ſword, & her Gowne untuck'd.*
Pardon, to leade the meaſure, ſir, for I have
Brought a fine friendly dancer with me; and
We will ſo foot it ——————

Rey. Hubba, thou alwayes comm'ſt in pudding time.
Land. Let's ſtand; I long to ſee *Marfiſa* dance. *Here Hubba*
and Marfiſa Dance the whip of Donboyne merrily.

Rey. This was excellent. We ſhall but ſhame our ſelves,
In following of you; Come let us begin.

Here they dance the grand Dance in foure Couple, Reyner and Landgartha, Valdemar and Scania, Fredericke and Elsinora, Inguar and Fatyma.

Rey. So Cousin, we have made you some amends,
For your part of the Maske: and now you shall
(Being so kinde a husband) conduct your Lady
Unto her Chamber; and there use her kindly
Too as she deserves. Our Aunt and Cousin may
(After all this noyse) also retyre; and say
(In solitude and silence) th' many prayers
They have omitted all the day. As for
The Queenes grace: she must give me leave,
To usher her to bed.
Land. Must. That, in such
A servant, were too peremptory. But
If you plead your title King; I'll answer
That I know how to fight: and have ere now
Stoop'd a too hasty Prince. Therefore, good sir,
You are best speake me faire; or I may put you
Beside your sweet hopes;
And give you somewhat of the sowre to taste.
Rey. That, and to kill me, were all one: For which,
I now (and ever will) humbly intreat,
As a poore suppliant with you to treat. *Exeunt omnes.*

The fourth Act.

Enter Reyner musing at one doore, and Hubba to him at the other.

Rey. Is *Inguar* yet return'd from th' Fleet?
Hub. Not yet sir.
Rey. Let him be quickly sent for then: be gone. *Exit Hubba.*
A poore gentlewoman, an ordinary

Noble mans daughter, to have catch'd me thus;
Whom *Cesar* would rejoyce, to have made his sonne,
Some horrid plague confound her modesty,
And her for me, for now I care not for her;
Though I dissemble it: because I dare not
(She is so damn'd valiant) doe otherwise
Till I have got from hence: For she (being
So belov'd too of the *Norwegians*) might
Cut short my life and passage. But yet, *Reyner*,
Thinke how exceeding worthy she is of love;
And of a Prince: thinke of her vertue, doe:
Thinke of her beautie, myldnesse, vallor, and
What else: no, no, I will not; will not love her:
For I have tooke enough of what I most lov'd;
Which, I confesse could not but please my Palat *Enter Vald.*
But here comes *Valdemar*, who like an Asse
Still dotes on his wife; I'll not therefore trust him.
Vald. Your resolution to be gone for *Denmarke*,
Men doe admire; and I must tell you, sir,
(Seeing you will needs be constant, in so bad
A purpose) some doe feare your projects are
Ignoble. I then (as one that lov'd you once;
And will doe still, unlesse you forfeyte your selfe)
Wo'd be your adviser, if you dare take advice.
Rey. Y' are too sawcie; and what I have resolv'd on,
I will not alter. Must we be curb'd by you,
In tendering the welfare of our subjects?
Shall *Denmarke* be still forgotten?
Vald. That colour
Dyes but very poorely; though you stalke with it.
The fall of your obstreperous passion, to
Your Queene (sir) people take notice of: though she,
Poore Lady, (a sham'd to be deceiv'd or scorn'd)
Say nothing of it; restrayn'd too, by her love
To you. But, we that are your Countriemen
(Whom you mainely dishonour in't) can have
No such patience.
Rey. Our affection to our

Lov'd faire Consort (though you be pleas'd to doubt it)
Will not be question'd, but by your slanderous tongue.
Vald. You cannot, sir. Nay shall not, maske your blacke
Intentions so from me; they doe appeare
Too many. And she whom you most wrong, is more
Then worthy of you; had you but the wisedome
And grace to thinke so still. But be assur'd
(When she is rid o' th' burthen she now carries)
She 'll be reveng'd at full for her dishonour;
And snatch the Crownes you weare from of your trech'rous
Temples.
Rey. You will not play the Traytor, in
Conspiring with her?
Vald. Though I sho'd not, sir,
You need not doubt but *Harrold* will; who thinkes
His right to *Denmarke*, as good as yours to *Norway*.
Rey. That Christian dog-shead and yours too, had beene
chopt off ere this, had I not beene a foole.
Vald. If you durst (you make me now beleeve) that had
Beene so. But I 'll make shift to save one of 's; *Enter Ing.*
And thinke you 'll hardly save your selfe from t' other. *& Hubba.*
Rey. You may doe what you list; and so will I.
Are all the Shipping ready?
Ing. They are sir, but ———
Rey. Come, spare your breath; I know what you wo'd say.
Hub. Wo'd all the Cables and Sayles were burnt:
You brought us hither with the hazard of our lives;
To gaine this kingdome for you; and now you have it,
You 'll wisely gi' 't away; and fetch 'em all
Upon our backes.
Rey. Who made you a Counseller?
There 's your reward. *strikes him.*
Hub. I shall take more then this
Ere long if I sticke to you.
Vald. You doe well
To practise before hand. *Offers to draw,*
Rey. Traytor, doe you upbrayd us? *so does Vald. &*
Ing. I beseech you sir, to suppresse your passion; *Ing. steps in.*

And

And not to rayſe a tumult here: knowing
How truely-loyall the Prince *Valdemar*,
Has ever beene to you, ſir, and now pleads
Strongly againſt himſelfe; in ſeeking to
Detaine you, with your gracious noble Queene.
Vald. He accounts his friends, his neereſt enemies,
Rey. We take heaven to witneſſe, we are wrong'd. *Enter*
But peace; here ſhe comes. *Land. with*
Land. Will you needs be gone, ſir, *Childe and*
And leave me thus? *Scania not*
Rey. It is but two houres ſayling, *ſo.*
In a faire day; and we ſhall ſoone be backe.
Land. I doe not uſe to weepe: But now I muſt; *Weeps.*
My heavy minde fore-ſpeakes ſome future evill.
Death (which ſhall be welcome) I know 's not farre from me.
Rey. May the gods grant to haſten it. *Aſide.*
Scan. The time was
When ſhee, ſir, could with a nod 'a' forc'd your fancie,
In a farre greater matter, then your ſtay
For ſome ſmall time.
Rey. And ſhall againe ſweet Siſter,
But the meere neceſſitie of our departure,
Is ſuch: that we muſt needs away, at this
Very inſtant.
Land. Then give me leave (deare ſir,)
To ſhare the worſt may happen in your voyage.
Rey. So to indanger your life, we'd looſe ours firſt,
You ſhall by no meanes ſtirre, my only ſoule. Come:
We will conduct you to your Chamber, and there
Leave you (with your friends and mine) to be guided
By your accuſtomed vertue, and ſtrong heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cowſell and Radger.

Cow. O brother, brother, I know the very griefe on't,
Will kill me out right, as dead as a Herring.
Rad. O deare, loving brother. I ſhall fare no better,
I 'm ſure o' that; wo'd I had never ſeene you.

Cow. Beſides brother, I tooke ſuch an affection
To the women, fine, courteous, honeſt cre'tures.
Rad. And we to you brother, and to all the *Danes*:
You came not to pray on 's, but to deliver
Us from the *Swedes*.
Cow. We ought to love each other,
Brother, being ſo neere neighbors, and friends.
Rad. So we doe, deare brother, all thoſe are good and honeſt.
Who wo'd 'a' thought his grace ſho'd leave the Queene
So abruptly, i' the latter end of her time too?
Cow. Hard againſt our wils: but ſayes, he 'll ſoone be backe.
Rad. I' th' meane time brother, and before we part,
We are beſt take t' other cup.
Cow. I thought to 'a'
Made that now my motion brother, we ſhall
Remember you in *Denmarke*.
Rad. And when we
Forget you brother, may the gods forget us.
Ho! drawer, *Rolfo*,
Within, Anon anon ſir. *Enter Rolfo.*
Rad. Honeſt *Rolfo*, one flaggon more of that
You gave us laſt, the very ſame I charge thee;
Without tricks or mixture.
Rol. By *Iove* ſir, you ſhall:
What? Doe you thinke I 'll uſe you like a ſtranger?
Cow. Prithee kinde *Rolfo*, let not us be forc'd
To knocke agen. *Exit Rolfo.*
Rad. Captaine *Hubba* (as I
Conceive brother) goes not along with you;
I met him ſpurring to our houſe, as I came.
Cow. The Princeſſe *Scania*, by much intreatie
Got leave of the Lord *Inguar*, his Coronell,
To ſtay onely two dayes; and he is gone
A viſit to his Miſtris. *Enter Rolfo.*
Rad. Welcome *Rolfo*.
Come, give it me: for we ſhall need no glaſſes. *They drinke at the Lines.*
Here worthy brother, halfe to your good journey
Cow. Let me ſee brother, * you have drunke the full halfe——

* *Peeps into the pot.*

Here *Rolfo*, fill 't agen. *Exit Rolfo.*
Rad. O ſweet brother, that you co'd ſtay all night,
I ſho'd never be weary of your company. *Enter Rolfo.*
Cow. Nor I of yours brother, and now from the deepe
Bottome of my heart to th' wide mouth of my ſtomacke
I ſpeake it, deareſt brother, here's a whole one,
To our next merry meeting ——————
Rad. Quickely *Rolfo*, *Exit Rolfo.*
Fetch it, and be honeſt. O ſweet brother,
That I co'd imbrace you thus for ever, ever. *They imbrace.*
Cow. I muſt kiſſe at parting. *They kiſſe.*
Rolf. Y' are a couple of th' arranteſt kind gentlemen. *Ent. Rolf.*
Rad. Give me the pot: I ne'r drunke i' my life
With more ſorrow, and a better deſire. ——— ———
Cow. Here, take Money *Rolfo*, my brother payd laſt,
I muſt kiſſe thee too *Rolfo*,
Within, Rolfo. Rogue.
Rolfo. Anon, anon, ſir. *As they kiſſe.*
Rad. Nay *Rolfo*, for all
Your haſte: I muſt (for my brothers ſake) take
Off that kiſſe, from thy now ſweet (though greaſie) lips. *They kiſſe*
Cow. And now farewell, but not for ever, my deareſt
And beſt of friends. *Rad.* we 'll part at t'other Taverne.
Cow. Then arme in arme let 's march, moſt worthy brother. *Exeunt*

Enter Hubba and Marſiſa.

Hub. I could not otherwiſe chuſe, Miſtris (though
Your diſtruſt of my unfayn'd affection,
Kept me thus long from injoying, what I
Moſt deſir'd in a noble way) but come
(Vrg'd by that love, that ever ſhall remaine
With me, whereſoe'r I goe) to tender
The duty of a ſervant, in taking leave
Of you, before my ſuddaine departure.
Mar. It 's indeed too ſuddaine: and I doe now
Repent the not imbracing, what I was not
Enough good to accept, your love. For, I confeſſe

Though

Though somewhat late, I lov'd you more then you
Did me; and ever shall unlesse the fault
Be onely yours, in proving (which I doe
Not yet suspect) a changling. I shall for
My part, punish severely in my selfe,
Th' offence of not being yours, by a continu'd
Sadnesse and griefe, till once agen I see you.

Hub. And though I have beene too much noted for
My mirth (which yet, was never sawc'd with spite,
Or other bad condition:) I promise
(For my misfortune in thus missing of you)
Not to laugh once (unlesse against my will,
At some unlucky chance) till I possesse
The treasure I most covet.

Mar. That (if you
Meane me) shall be yours when we meete next, and
Safely kept for you, untill then. I' th' meane time,
I shall charily preserve (though but a poore
Satisfaction for you) your image in
Th' interior of my minde.

Hub. Which overpay's,
With much advantage, all my services.

Mar. 't was a strange resolution of the King,
To leave his Queene, she being so much against it;
And he so strangely fond of her at first:
Which she deserv'd, being a Lady the world
Cannot match.

Hub. He is these thirtie houres in *Denmarke*:
Where if he prove unkinde to her, that cannot
(In true judgement) condemne others, that like not
Such proceeding.

Mar. He had neede be circumspect
In what he do's; or he may soone repent it,
And perchance,
When matters prove past remedy to him,
Yet, while I find you sound: no alien faults
Shall make me hate, what once I so affected.

Hub. Resting on that assurance, I must now

Crave the kind favour of a parting kisse.
Mar. That you shall have *, and halfe a dozen more, *they kisse
When you come to your Ship: For, so farre I
Will with you; and wo'd along to *Denmarke*, but to try
If I may build upon your constancie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Harold and Eric.

Har. It 's now but need, we both looke to our selves:
Or we may pay the forfeyt of our slackenesse
(With the losse of both our heads) upon a Scaffold.
For, *Reyner* having cast the faire *Landgartha*
Off, (of whom he was not worthy:) and by
A dreadfull precipice, fall'n from much goodnesse:
He will not stop at his first fault. But (hurri'd
By the guiltinesse of his Conscience)
Runne headlong downe the hill, upon the rocke
Of dangerous mischiefe; to which he 's now ingag'd.
Eric. She is a Lady of so stout a heart,
That when she finds him base (although she lov'd him
Exceedingly) shee cannot but be reveng'd
For her repudiation, and disgrace.
Har. And may prove our strong friend to ruine him;
That has threatned (and that not privatly)
To rid himselfe on us.
Eric. And will, if he can:
You may by his death then, that wo'd be yours,
Settle your selfe securely in his kingdomes;
By matching and partaking now with her.
Har. Brother, the man whose deitie we adore
(And who to give us rest, still liv'd without it)
Can witnesse for me, could I but perswade
My minde by any probabilitie,
'twere possible, for me to live in peace here,
And not have my throat cut: although my right
Unto the Crowne of *Denmarke* be apparant,
My title while I slept or wak'd, sho'd sleepe;
As when King *Reyner* liv'd a vertuous kind man.

For

For I delight not in th' expence of bloud;
Though I feare not to ſpend my owne in a
Iuſt cauſe. But ſeeing all reſt is deni'd me:
As the ſtrong law of nature binds, I muſt
Shift for my ſelfe, the beſt I may. Which ſhall not
Be effected by baſe trechery, or murder.
Nor doe I chiefly yet meane to rely
On th' brave *Landgartha's* aſſiſtance; whom the
Love of a wife, and hope of reconcilement,
May urge beyond all ſpirit of revenge.
Eric. What is 't you meane to plot then for our ſafetie?
Har. We 'll to the pious Chriſtian Emperor,
Lewis the *Debonaire*; who (as you know)
Do's oft ſolicite me to plead my right
To th' Crowne, by dent of ſword; that being the beſt
(Nay onely) Patent, *Reyner* has to ſhow for 't.
Though he from 's father got it: which doth leſſen
Much his guilt.
Eric. It 's not his guilt that now moſt troubles him;
But by more ſinne to guard it.
Har. Twelve thouſand
Expert Souldiers (that lye neere here, o' th' borders
Of *Germany*) I may have when I liſt;
To adde (with all ſpeed) to our owne ſure friends.
And unto others that will fall in troopes,
From now diſhonour'd *Reyner*, for his baſe
Adultery intended with *Vraca*,
To ſtrengthen himſelfe againſt his wife and me.
Eric. Vnheard of madneſſe, ſo vilely to betray
(And to 's owne ruine) a poore and vertuous Lady;
That but for him, and his damn'd ſhameleſſe lyes,
Had never marry'd any. Being withall
(As 't is reported) moſt extreamely faire,
Farre, farre beyond the other.
Har. Such are the follies
Of humane nature, when it is forſaken
Of him that made it: But we 'll now make uſe on 't.
Eric. You ſho'd be ſuddaine, leaſt we be layd hold on;

And to take him unprepar'd.
Har. When night aſcends
Her ſable charyot, we will both of us
(Mounted on our beſt horſes) poſt away;
And be (I hope) ere we be miſs'd, paſs'd danger.
Come, let us therefore in, and looſe no time:
Which, in neceſſitie 's a fatall crime. *Exeunt.*

The fift Act.

Enter Valdemar and Ingvar.

Vald. You are happy beyond expectation
In your Embaſſage: for all men did conceive
(And very probably) the Queene would ayde
With th' utmoſt of her pow'r, *Harrold* in his
Deſigne for *Denmarke*. But, ſhe noble Lady,
(Although in outward ſhow, ſhe have not granted
What you demand) I know (ſuch is her vertue
And loving nature) is comming in her minde,
Now to aſſiſt your moſt ungracious King.
Ing. For which in chiefe he is to you beholding;
Though he deſerv'd it not, at his departure.
But now, Contrition has wipt off his guilt,
Though not the puniſhment, before the gods.
Nor is there any hope left us on earth,
But what we now may gaine here by your meanes.
Vald. Had you but beene a witneſſe of her griefes,
(Able to rive a heart of ſteele) you had
Melted (as we almoſt did) into teares:
Eſpecially when ſhe heard of th' infamous
Marryage, with *Swealands* daughter (told her by
A whiſpering flatterer:) how then ſhe tore
Her golden hayre, and us'd ſuch cruelty
On her faire limmes, which had wellneere ended her
(Notwithſtanding what we could doe to hinder 't:)

Curſing

Curſing the time when ſhe e'r ſaw a *Dane*;
Not for her husbands renogading moſt:
But the loſſe of her virginitie, and foule
Diſgrace.
Ing. We heard of all: Yet, were compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſitie (perforce) to build
On her heroicke goodneſſe, and your worth.
Vald. 't was well conceiv'd; and better put to tryall,
That compulſion may worke peace agen.
Ing. Here the divine Lady comes (her ſelfe) unto us.
Land. Although (Lord *Inguar*,) your ſoveraigne, and my
Unkind husband, were rather to expect
Sharpe warre and hate then any ayde from me
In his diſtreſſe: having (as farre as 't lay
In him) diſgrac'd me by his flight; and as
I 'd us'd falſe play with others: yet, my love
To him (deepely engraven in my heart.)
Ioyn'd to my owne innocence and merit, has
(As all may ſee) got the upper-hand; and ſtopt
My once intended courſe of ſtrict revenge;
Though he enjoy another wife, now the Miſtris
Of what is mine by bond.

Enter *Landgartha*, *Scania*, *Elſinora*, *Fatyma*, & *Marſia in womans apparell with Swords on.*

Ing. Moſt gracious Queene,
I can ſay nothing, to excuſe his guilt;
Or leſſen it: but that your vertue ſhines
The brighter for his deepe ingratitude,
Which now 's the greateſt Corroſive to himſelfe,
And cauſe of all his evils; by the loſſe
Of in a manner all was his before:
And that his act, has render'd both of you
Famous to all the world, in different manners:
You as the glorious mirrour of all worth,
But him (with griefe I ſpeake it) for 's offence.
Scan. Which now (deare Madame) as it is repented,
Exacts your mercy more then puniſhment.
Elſin. To prove a laſting Pyramid to all
Succeeding times, of ſuch a noble act.
Vald. It can yeeld you no benefit to ruine

Him and his poore ſubjects, being alſo yours;
And in their loves, they 're yours.
Fat. Much more then his
I doe beleeve.
Ing. Madame. I can depoſe it. *To Fatyma.*
And that they 've ever deem'd it their chiefe glory,
To have had her for their Queene; their hearts he loſt,
When he loſt her: nor is there ought can rayſe
The minds o' th' few, that now ſticke to him, but her
Strong aſſiſtance, and the try'd vallor of the
Norwegian Ladies, that before
Gave us the victory againſt the *Swedes*.
Land. King *Reyner* and your ſelfe (Lord *Inguar*) have
Too many friends here, to be deni'd in what
Our pow'r may ſtead him, or you demand.
And I 'm the more induc'd to pardon his fault,
That I acknowledge my ſelfe faultie too
(And which my heart has oft accus'd me for,
With no ſmall griefe) in granting that to him
Vnder the flattering title of marryage, which I
Reſolv'd ne'r to 'a' loſt; and which he durſt not
Seeke to have forc'd from me. But it 's now paſt helpe.
Scan. There 's one way yet left (Madame) to helpe all.
Land. He then tranſported, by his fierce deſire,
Which ſlav'd him: by craft (I 'll give it no worſe
A name) did that wrong to my modeſtie,
Which I (being not ſo deepe in paſſion)
Might well have hinder'd; and by yeelding to it,
Have given ſcope for others to condemne me.
Ing. Which none can juſtly doe: For, I 'm aſſur'd,
Madame (though you have cauſe not to beleeve it)
That his intents to your grace, were ſincere
At firſt, as now they are: and therefore (deare Queene,)
You are to meete his paſt ill, with your goodneſſe.
Which, if you doe not ſpeedily: there will be
No time, nor meanes hereafter, left for you
To exerciſe your vallor in this cauſe.
Land. When we behold our neighbors houſe on fire,

The Proverbe sayes we ought looke to our owne ;
This you conceive; and I suppose you are
Inform'd by these that love you, that we have
As many valiant men and women, in
A readinesse, as may, if heaven be pleas'd
(For we are pleas'd in 't) reinthrone your King;
And chase those rebels that now urge his flight.
Let then my brother (the Prince *Valdemar*)
And you, make all the haste you can before us;
With newes of our approach. And, one thing more
I must intreat you doe for me : which is
To deliver this Letter, unto him that
Caus'd my sorrow ; and left me great with child.
Which fruit of his, he shall soone looke on, young
Frideslaus.

Vald. He sho'd 'a' stayd, to have got
Such another.

Scan. In honesty, he could
Have done no lesse.

Ing. Your graces Letter, I hope
Within these three houres, he shall reade at furthest.

Vald. You 'll give me leave to goe before, to provide
A lodging for you?

Scan. Yes : for I meane to be
Your bedfellow to morrow night.

Vald. And I shall straine my selfe, to bid you welcome.

Ing. The King will doe as much too, for your Highnesse.

Land. Fy, not so soone man, that were a shame indeed,
People wo'd then say, that I went to aske it. *smilingly*
Nor does he neede me ; having one (at least)
Already to keepe him warme.

Ing. He thinkes of none,
But your Grace.

Vald. We must be now abrupt in our
Leave taking?

Land. Be gone *Scania*, fare you well. *Inguar*, may all
The gods be your guides. *Exeunt ambo.*

Land. And now *Marsisa*.

Silence declares with you, how gladly your heart
Consents, to goe for *Denmarke*.
Mar. I meane to doe
Your Majestie some service there, now that
You measure my affection by your owne.
Scan. But what, if you come to weare the Willow garland,
By the inconstancie of Captaine *Hubba*?
Mar. Not (doe as the Queene did) forgive the offence.
Fat. No lesse then's life would satisfie your anger.
Mar. Doe you make doubt on't?
Elsin. I beleeve him honest.
Land. What is your owne opinion? *Marsisa.*
Mar. I still suppose the best.
Land. Then wayte upon
My cousin *Fatyma*: and both of you make haste
To summon with all speede (on paine of death)
All our troops (both men and women) in *Ansloy*,
Saltsburge, and thereabouts. Our Sister and Aunt
Shall to the neerer quarters; whilst I prepare
Here all things requisite for our departure.
And as we once made no small haste to meete
King *Reyner*, when he brought us ayde against
Our foes: let's doe the same in gratitude
(And with more honour) now, in assisting of him.
Those which we leave, will keepe safe here. Away.
Fat. The trust impos'd on us, we'll not betray. *Exeunt omnes severally.*

A march. *Then enter Harrold, Eric, and Lothaire arm'd.*

Har. We must make haste, Lord *Lothaire*, (now that by
The helpe of heaven, for which we chiefly move:
And the assistance which your Lord and ours,
The noble Emperor *Lewis*, true inheritor
Of his great fathers vertues did afford us,
We are ascended to what is our right,
Being thereto lifted by your manly worth too)
To make all sure, by joyning our last issue

With

With *Reyner*, ere the brave *Landgartha* come
(Whom he once more thinkes to deceive:) For, where
Shee leads, all goes to wracke i' th' other side.
Loth. It 's strange so stout a minde as hers, sho'd ever
Yeeld love or obedience to a man that has
So basely dealt to her.
Eric. She squares all her
Actions by the rule of goodnesse, not
Of passion; and thinkes this deede of hers,
A very gratefull offering to her gods.
Yet, we doe hope to send (before she land here)
Her husbands rancke soule, to great *Belzebub.*
Har. Then let's march on with speede; and trust our cause
To him, that only gives life by his lawes. *Exeunt a march.*

After the march, Enter Reyner and Hubba.

Rey. Heare you no newes from *Inguar* (*Hubba*) yet?
Hub. Not a word: But a ship is now on entring
In at the haven; and we hope it 's his.
Rey. No, no. We are of all the world forsaken,
But most of heaven: For, we have deserv'd it,
And our repentance now comes too too late.
Hub. I doe beseech you sir, not to yeeld to
Such weake, unmanly diffidence.
Rey. We wrong'd
Thee (*Hubba*) too; and now thy loyaltie
And kindnesse wounds our soule deeper, then if thou hadst
Prov'd false, all turnes to my confusion.
Hub. It was your passion and not you, strucke me, sir.
Rey. Would I were quickly dead, or never borne,
To see the evils which I have occasion'd,
And must needs feele, if I but live a-while.
Hub. Your noble Queene *Landgartha*, will I doubt not
(If i' th' meane time sir, you doe what lyes in you,
With patience) soone rid you of those feares;
And State you as before; and in her love too.
Rey. I ne'r shall see that *Halcyon* day againe,

To see her, *Hubba*, though you all suppose
The contrary; and caus'd me send to move
Her goodnesse. She is too magnanimous
Ever to looke at such a wretch as I am,
That deceiv'd her once so foulely.
Hub. You 'll finde
Your selfe deceiv'd, I hope sir, in that ere long.
Rey. Had I but faithfull prov'd to her, as she
Deserv'd (thou know'st it *Hubba*,) I might then
'a' playd at stoole-ball with young children, or
Have wasted time more idlely, if I 'd listed;
And have my estate multiply'd to many
Kingdomes. Now, thou seest, we are not worth one
Province, Stricke me heaven. *Enter Valdemar and Inguar.*
Vald. Honest Captaine, I
Am glad to meete you alive.
Hub. Your Highnesse poore servant.
Ing. The King walkes strangely sad.
Hub. He's not himselfe: and therefore, whatsoever
Newes you bring; y' had neede use your accustomed
Discretion in the relating of it.
Rey. You are both as welcome hither, as my
Distraction will give me leave to bid you.
Vald. I never knew you (sir) too much exalted
At flatt'ring Fortunes smiles, or when you Conquer'd:
And (now she frownes) you still ought to preserve
A valiant indifferencie.
Rey. Healthy men
Know how t' afford good counsell unto others,
Whose forces being too weake, to beare the blowes
Of their diseases, yeeld and languish under
The waight that 's insupportable.
Ing. The weaker
Their minds are, the more they yeeld; beyond
Necessitie: and thereby become chiefe Actors
In their owne Tragedies.
Rey. I know you speake this,
To prepare my minde, for the bad newes you bring;

Ing. Your vertue will now moſt conſiſt, in not
Being over joy'd, when you read this Letter,
Written and ſent by her, that ſayes ſhe loves you.
Rey. Let me ſee't. I know the hand, it's hers,
O let me, let me kiſſe it, kiſſe it ſtill, *Kiſſes the Letter.*
And not preſume to looke what it contaynes,
To plague my guiltie conſcience. *Vald.* reade and be rul'd.

Reyner opens and Reads.

If this my ſecond duty, may prove as happy in the recovery of thy kingdomes, as my firſt was againſt a Tyrant; yet honouring thee with the victory: I ſhall account my travell well beſtow'd. Make head bravely (as wiſedome permits) againſt the enemie: for I am comming with all ſpeed, to let him know, that Landgartha *(being thy Queene and only lawfull Wife) is a warrior: and will prove ſo to his prejudice, and thy advantage: having from her heart (notwithſtanding thy unkindneſſe) abſolv'd thee of all the wrongs thou did'ſt her.*

Landgartha.

Rey. A gracious language! O you gods defend me,
From turning altogether foole at this. For, my
Frayle veſſell is not able to contayne,
The forcible exceſſe of this ſweet comfort.
My ſoule reſults ſo ſtrangely, mounts, mounts up,
That I have much adoe, to keepe from dancing:
My nimble ſpirit elevats my body,
And my very life (I thinke) will now with joy
Forſake me, fly away.
Vald. Be not in extreames,
So like a meere franticke Pray recall your wits,
Before ſhe comes, you may looſe all; your ſelfe, and us.
Rey. Excuſe me, worthy Couſin, you feele not
The force of my impulſion. Yet, I confeſſe
I'm (but as others are) a poore weake man;
Subject to many changes 'gainſt my will.
Ing. Collect your ſelfe, were't but in obedience *Enter Scout.*
To your wife and noble Queene. What newes with you?
Scout. That *Harrold* and his brother *Eric*, with
A mighty pow'r of *Danes* and *Germans*, march

Hither with ſpeed, doubtleſſe to force a battle.
Ing. Which we muſt decline, till our beſt ſouldier
Come: and then we are for 'em.
Vald. Lead us from hence,
To guard your works; and doe not now forget
(Your wiſh'd ayde being ſo neere you) your old vallor;
And judgement to command.
Rey. I hope we ſhall not. *Exeunt.*

A march. *Enter Harrold, Eric, Lothaire, and one or two more with Battle-axes.*

Har. Our foes have fortifi'd themſelves ſo ſtrongly,
With Waggons, Carts, huge tymber, and deepe trenches:
As 'tis impoſſible almoſt to force 'em.
Eric. Which if you doe not, you 'll finde it a worſe taske,
To quayle *Landgartha*; whoſe fleet's now at ſea;
Nay hard on landing.
Loth. Th' preſent attempt will not
Perchance, prove ſo dangerous, as to th' eye
It ſeemes; if we valiantly ingage
Our ſelves in th' onſet.
Har. Let us boldly on then;
And to conclude what hitherto, we have
So proſperouſly atchiev'd. I will beginne:
And die, rather then looſe what I have wonne. *Exeunt.*

Allarums, *A while after which is begun, enter Reynet and Valdemar with Battle-axes.*

Rey. All 's loſt beyond recoverie, they are broke
Vpon us in, and fight like hungry Lyons,
Tearing our men to peeces, that now leave,
In foule diſorder.
Vald. Doe you (whil'ſt I charge up,
To give ſome ſtop unto their furie) rally
And hearten yours, the beſt you may. For, if
We can hold out, but one full houre: the noble

Landgartha (that with ſpeed incredible,
Has almoſt landed all her forces) will be
With us, to mend all agen.
Rey. She ſhall never meet me flying. *Exeunt. allarums.*

Enter Landgartha, Scania, Elſinora, Fatyma, and Marfiſa: The foure Ladies, like Amazons. Marfiſa with her Gowne tuck'd to th' midleg, ſpurs, &c. As in the firſt of the third Act; Battle-axes withall.

Land. You heare this Muſicke, Ladies, and perceive
What need our friends have of our ſwift aſſiſtance.
We are not therefore now, to inſiſt upon *Here the Allarums*
A tedious conſultation; or on words *ſound as a farre off.*
By me deliver'd, to encourage thoſe
Whoſe worths I know already. Doe you Aunt
(Aſſiſted by *Fatyma* and *Marfiſa*)
Lead halfe our Armie: and wheele round about
(With ſpeed and ſilence) to charge ſtrongly home,
Upon our enemies backes. My ſiſter and I
Will to our Husbands, that are hardly preſt;
Their men all routed, and a number ſlaine.
Farewell, I hope that we ſhall meete againe. *Exeunt ſeverally allarums.*

Allarums. *Then enter Reyner at one doore, and Harrold at the other.*

Rey. Stand Traytor!
Har. Thou uſurper, I will ſtand;
And could afford you other glorious titles:
But that I meane not (having met you) to
Waſte time in words, untill your fooliſh ſweet-heart
(Whom you wo'd ſtill deceive) come to your reſcue.
But now, I hope you never ſhall enjoy her,
You know how.
Rey. You ſhall know ſomewhat from me, howſoever.

Here they fight, and Harrold beats Reyner under him; on which Landgartha enters, beats in Harrold and returns.

Land. Is it you? I were not beholding, to (*Land.*
Have done this for you now. Goe, look to your selfe & people. *Exit*
Rey. Deare heaven, where am I? or, is this a dream? *Reyner rises*
It was *Landgartha* sure. O no, it was not, *as she beats*
That glory and great miracle of the world, *in Harrold.*
Could not afford such grace to me, the meere
Fall'n dregs of villanie. But yet, 't was she,
The figure of her heavenly face; was once
(And still is) so imprinted in my soule,
As 't is impossible I sho'd forget her,
Therefore you gods, heape all those mountaynes on me,
Which the impious Gyants lifted against you,
Or sincke me downe into the very Center,
That I may ne'r behold her any more,
That is so like you, both in shape and goodnesse.
For, both I have contemn'd, and my most base
Ingratitude, never appear'd at full;
Till now. O *Iove*, pownd pownd me with thy thunder,
For, my confusion is the worst of torments. *Enter*
Scan. The King 's in danger; and we had need make haste *Scania*
To disingage him. *and Valdemar.*
Vald. That 's done (I hope) already.
Rey. Welcome deare Sister, I am asham'd to looke
You in the face.
Scan. We heard (sir) you were in danger.
Rey. I was: But now may (when I list) goe take
A nap. Wo'd the infernall dogs would teare
My limbs to callops: or adde some worse torment
Unto my minds affliction.
Scan. You neede not
Afflict your selfe so much, for ought we see:
For, now the wheele is turn'd to your advantage;
My Sister is friends with you too, sir.
Rey. She sav'd

My life, when I was downe; and ready to
Receive the last (and mortall) blow. But then,
Gave me so sad a looke, O loving Sister,
That life which is her gift, if I must keepe
In her displeasure, is much worse then death.
Scan. Sir, if you will be rul'd by me, you must not
Expresse too much, those vehement affections:
For, she 's acquainted but too well already,
With your sad passion, and the continuance of it.
Rey. Seeing you (deare Lady,) in love and wisedome,
Esteeme that my best course: I shall be dumbe
As night, calme as the calm'st evening after
A stormy day. *Scania*, let's follow, where she went then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Harrold and Eric.

Har. After our losse and watching these two nights,
I cannot brother (the toyle of our journey,
Lying so heavy too, on my tyr'd body)
But sleepe a little, though it be dangerous.
Eric. My neede's no lesse; a little sleepe will serve.
Har. Let's take it here then, the place being solitary.

They sleepe, and a sweet solemne Musicke of Recorders is heard, then enter an Angel.

Ang. Heaven has decreed, another day
Shall gaine what you have lost. Your way
Take both (as you were forc'd before)
Unto the pious Emperor.
One of you shall be King: whose seed
Shall be so too, untill 't all bleed.
Then (when that issue is extinct)
Norway and *Denmarkes* whole precinct
Shall be rul'd by *Landgartha's* line,
And *Reyners*. Her the pow'rs divine
Will (for her Morall vertues) turne
A Christian, ere she come to th' Urne:

Yeeld faith to this: For, without doubt,
What I have sayd shall come about. *Exit Ang. then Eric stirs and*
Eric. Sir, you sleepe exceeding soundly: Pray wake. *wakes Har.*
Har. I now am fresh enough; Come, let's be gone.
Eric. Dream't you nothing, while you slept?
Har. No, did you?
Eric. Me thought I heard a most heavenly Musicke;
And that an Angel did appeare: and wish'd us,
Betake our selves againe to th' Emperor,
That what we lost, another day sho'd purchase;
And that the faire *Landgartha* (as the reward
Of her Morall vertues) would be made Christian,
Before she di'd.
Har. Though we afford no credit
Vnto such dreames: Yet, we must steere our course
That way; there being (after so great a losse)
No comfort left, where our foes are so strong.
Eric. Heaven will in time (I hope) revenge our wrong. *Exeunt*

Enter Cowsell and Radgee.

Cow. Come brother *Radgee*, it is now concluded,
We shall never part agen.
Rad. O deare brother,
I never had a good day on't (much lesse
A good night) since (being barr'd the comfort of your
Sweet conversation) you parted from me.
Cow. Nay brother, I can howle the same sad Madrigall
Too: For looke you brother, we were all so frighted
By those fat-foggy *Germans* (who men say
Are nothing but flesh and belly:) that we durst
Allow no time for mirth and drinking.
Rad. Very
Strange that brother. For, they say themselves are
Exceeding good fellowes.
Cow. Iust of that seize.
Rad. I 'll tell you more what I heard spoken of 'em,
Brother, they 're sowre: and never worth the trusting,

Or honeſt i' their bargaines, untill they
Be drunke, or at leaſt halfe drunke.
Cow. That 's as true,
Brother, as that you and I drunke halfe a ſcore
Flaggons yeſternight a peece. The North winde
Is not ſo bitter in a morning, till he
Has tooke a buttrum, or his Wine.
Rad. And then,
Makes as good Muſicke, as a Bag-pipe when it's
Full blow'n. What doe you thinke of the *Swedes*? brother.
Cow. They are not (yet) altogether ſo good drinkers,
As th' *Germans* are: but well fall'n to 't of late.
Which makes me ſuppoſe, brother, they 'll be beaten
Out too. For beſides, the King will no more kiſſe
The Queene *Vraca*, as 't is ſpoken: But ſticke
To 's owne old Camrade, being indeed the fairer.
Rad. Yet, in my opinion brother: his Grace
Being marry'd to both, ſho'd doe exceeding well,
To keepe both ſtill: Sleepe betwixt both 'a' nights:
And imbrace both by turnes. What ſay you brother?
Cow. What? But to concurre with you? and for many
Good, and convincing reaſons. 's for example:
The King being kept ſo warme on both ſides, by
Two ſuch delicate cre'tures, 't were impoſſible
He ſho'd catch cold; I, or perchance be troubl'd
With Coughs, Scyaticas, or other bone-ach;
And to have *Swealand* and *Norway* at command,
Were a matter of no ſmall importance,
You conceive me, brother.
Cow. Few wiſe men better,
In part. But, ſtand aſide: themſelves are comming. *Floriſh.*

Enter Reyner, Landgartha, Valdemar, Vraca, Scania, Inguar, Elſnera, Fatyma, Hubba and Marſiſa; the Norwegian Ladies in womans apparell, with Swords on; Marſiſa with her Gown untuck'd and ſword on.

Ing. You will not (gracious Madame) thus deceive

The expectations of your poore, and loving
People: whose whole hopes, comfort, safetie (nay all
We can for the present, or hereafter call ours)
Are but benefits deriv'd from the fountaine
Of your warme bountie; at whose goodnesse yet,
We most rejoyce. Doe not then (deare Empresse,) strike
Sorrow to our lately bleeding hearts; that still
Pant (and not slowly) by our former feares;
And the sore stripes we tooke: Which, but for you,
For ever were incurable; and now
By your forsaking of us, will fester worse
Then before.

Land. That you neede not feare, Lord *Inguar*,
For, I shall ne'r be wanting in my care,
And love unto this Nation. Leaving here
The best halfe of our Army, now behinde us;
To prevent all future mischiefes.

Ing. Our dishonour
In your departure, we shall ne'r recover.

Rey. My offence (which now 's my worst affliction,
With what it does occasion) all may see,
Tooke origen and issue, more of humane
Frayltie, and foolish pride: then want of love
To you; or of desert in you, to merit
A better and more pow'rfull man then I am;
Th' worlds onely Monarch, if there were but one,
For which, I (without your mercie to restore me
Once more unto your heart, as to my kingdomes)
Must spend my dayes (which shall not then be many)
Like to a sickely beast without a soule.

Land. My heart shall still receive you: But, on my word,
Th' rest of my body you shall not enjoy, sir,
I now am gaunt you see,
All though you must not have a feeling of it;
And if I doe play false, my belly will show't
Questionlesse: For, I am fruitfull if
I sho'd be touch'd.

Vald. Although but weakely, Madame.

Land. It may be so.
Scan. The Kings grace now pleads mercie,
Love, and repentance: and seeing there's no feare
He sho'd offend you any more, we all are
Sutors for him; and will become his sureties.
Land. I love him still I doe confesse: because
I gave him that, no other ever had
(Or shall have) from me; and mercie I have show'n
In my assistance. But, the wrong he did me
As I was his wife, being irreparable:
I will in Iustice punish, in not paying
To him (unfaithfull) the duties of a wife.
For, having often prov'd the way of falshood,
He may walke in 't agen; and as before,
Without all kinde of scruple or remorse.
We 'll all be bound, he shall no more leape o'r
The hedge: for, if he sho'd: We that doe now goe
Ioyntly for him, wo'd then prove worse then varlets,
To torment him.
Elsin. Come, leave your anger, and
Be rul'd by those that love you.
Vrac. I shall yeeld
Up willingly my clayme to you, that best
Deserve him.
Land. Your clayme is nothing: and your
Possession is but meere intrusion
On what's anothers due; if she were pleas'd
To challenge it; I 'll say no more, because you are
A woman.
Vrac. I thought what I did was well done;
And therefore in my minde at least am free,
Being often told the lawfulnesse, by all.
Land. By those that measur'd the length of their conclusions,
By the crooked line of your affections.
But as I kill'd your father (that had rather
Then th' worth of your great dowry, have made me
His second wife) I could with farre more ease
(As all the world can witnesse) be reveng'd

On you, and this your kinde friend : but that I wav'd
Him for my husband, that despis'd me as
His honest Mate; and wo'd 'a' lov'd me for
By-blowes. Therefore, enjoy him still: for, I suppose
You are a Hen, that must be trod.
Vrac. That 's more then you know; or I hope shall finde.
Rey. She shall ne'r enjoy me; nor has not
Of a long time I 'll sweare, if that will serve.
Land. It shall not (sir) beleeve it. Yet, ne'r feare
You shall be arm'd i' th' front by me; which is
A wrong this other Lady cannot doe you,
If she wo'd.
Vrac. I 'll leave that now for you, that have
The abler bodie.
Land. And you the frayler minde.
But if you chop words with me thus, or insult:
I may (for a farwell) cracke your birds necke,
Before we part.
Vrac. I must not stand so neere
You then. *She steps behinde Reyner, and holds him betwixt (Largartha and her selfe.*
Rey. Nor I prove any safeguard for you. *Steps from betwixt them.*
But sho'd take part with her, whom I love best;
And has best right unto me.
Vrac. That you say
To flatter her, and for meere feare. But if
I had you in private, I know what you
Wo'd sing; and play too; if I sho'd but yeeld. *Land. runs at her, and Elsinora steps in.*
Elsin. What doe you meane?
Land. That I will ne'r have him,
That is resolv'd.
Elsin. Your resolution
(I must say) in that, is worse then madnesse.
Land. I 'll not quarrell with you, Aunt: Yet, doe admire
A Lady of your know'n modestie, should be
So farre mistaken; and in such a cause.
Elsin. It 's you that are mistaken: I confesse
I was at first an opposit in your love

Vnto the King: but, seeing you would needs
Yeeld (then) your virgin Forte unto his Higneſſe:
I now wo'd have you take what wives doe uſe;
And let me ſtill live chaſte, that doe profeſſe it.
Scan. My Aunt ſayes more (to me I am ſure ſhe did:)
All ought to live according their vocation.
And not prepoſterouſly prove aliens to it.
Nor will it ſerve to ſay he tore the bond,
Now that he 's ſorry for 't: For, ſtill the generall good
Muſt be preferr'd to all particular
Merit; or that devotion that may
By fooliſh zeale, prove a too great offence.
Land. I muſt heare more opinions, ere I part
From my ſtrong purpoſe: therefore ſir, adieu.
Be mercifull in chiefe, unto your ſubjects;
To allure their hearts, by love: that being the tye
That will hold ſtrongeſt; never can be broken,
Vnleſſe by fooles, or mad men. For, that partie
That ſho'd tend any miſchiefe, 'gainſt a good Prince:
Were firſt to kill all his ſubjects, being the Kings friends;
Or periſh himſelfe, by his fatall and bad
Purpoſe. Be juſt and vertuous, and you neede not
Feare poyſon, poynards, or conſpiracie.
To end: *Norway* ſhall be preſerv'd for your young ſonne;
And as for me (though yours:) I 'll end my life,
An honeſt widdow, or forſaken wife.
Vald. I muſt take leave too.
Rey. Farewell, worthieſt Couſin.
Exit with Elſinora, Fatyma, & Marſiſa
Scan. You know the way to *Norway*, Sir, and if
I might adviſe ſo wiſe a King to follow
Us thither, and not ſlowly: that honourable
Obligation would ſo bind your Queene
(Being ſeconded by us your friends, and reaſon)
That I beleeve what now ſhe does denie,
She wo'd then grant; eſpecially, when ſhe
Perceives you conſtant in your vow'd affection:
For this perchance ſhe do's to tempt and try you.
Nay, I am ſure ſhe do's; and that ſhe will be

Yours againe, if you perfevet in your love to her,
In the meane time, I ſhall not fayle to prove,
Your grace's faithfull, loving advocate.
Rey. In you the anchor of my truſt lyes only fix'd,
Deare ſiſter. I muſt follow your adviſe. *kiſſes her.*

Exit Scania & Valdemar.

Rad. O brother, brother: muſt we part at laſt? *They imbrace.*
Cow. No, no: get afore; I 'll ſteale along with you. *Exeunt*
Rey. Inguar, Did'ſt thinke our hopes ſho'd end in this? *Cow. &*
Ing. It may prove better; and I hope it will ſir. *Radgee.*
Rey. Accurſed *Fate* of man, of fooliſh man,
That cannot prize a Iewell while he has it,
Till it be loſt, and then his griefe is vaine,
Vaine and unprofitable, when no hope
Is left to finde it, which I feare 's my caſe;
Our miſerie the mirror 's made, by which
We onely ſee our faults, our dangerous wounds.
Which likely then can never be recur'd:
Being Gangreene filthy ſores, that doe Corrode
So farre into the very ſoule of man,
That they hale to ſad deſperation.
To which point I 'm almoſt arriv'd, the Gemme
I loſt, being ſo rich, as all earths Potentates
A richer could not boaſt. Which if I finde not
(Strucke with my dyre misfortune) my owne hand
Shall ſend my ſpirit to the *Stygian* ſtrand. *Exit with Ing. & Hub.*
Frac. And ſeeing I 've walk'd aſtray, I will from hence:
By future good to expiate my offence. *Exit in the middle.*

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

Scania (that ſpoke the Prologue) now delivers the Epilogue, apparelled as in the laſt Scene, with her Sword and Belt in her hand.

THough our Author cares not, how his Play may take:
Yet, cauſe he purpoſes not to forſake
In his affection, any Worthy here;
He hath ſent me 'fore the Court breake up, to appeare
For him agen; to ſee how it hath pleas'd:
For, notwithſtanding he meanes to be eas'd;
For ever of th' like taske: Yet, from his heart
He wiſhes, you and he ſho'd fairely part.
And this he more (for him) deſir'd me ſay:
Where others ſpend a yeare about a Play
(Picking a ſentence here, a word from thence)
This Tragie-Comedy with the expence
Of leſſe then two Moneths time he pen'd: For he
's not too ambitious of the dignitie
Of a prime Poet; which he needs muſt know,
The Muſes chiefe (*Apollo*) doth beſtow
But very rarely. Himſelfe he knowes too
Better i' th' Art, then ſome that to be ſo
Thought worthy, maligne him. If this pleaſe you,
It's all he 'll aske of *Hellicon*: Adieu.

Some (but not of best judgements) were offended at the Conclusion of this Play, in regard Landgartha *tooke not then, what she was perswaded to by so many; the Kings kind night-imbraces. To which kind of people (that know not what they say) I answer (omitting all other reasons:) that a Tragie-Comedy sho'd neither end Comically or Tragically, but betwixt both: which* Decorum *I did my best to observe, not to goe against Art, to please the over-amorous. To the rest of bablers, I despise any answer.*

This Play was first Acted on *S. Patricks* day, 1639. with the allowance of the Master of Revels.